
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

REMINISCENCES

OF

SCOTTISH LIFE AND CHARACTER

BY

E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

DEAN OF EDINBURGH.

The Second Series.

EDINBURGH:

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

1861.

To his Scottish Countrymen who love Scotland, these pages are dedicated by the Author, with the fond hope of uniting all Scottish hearts in the kindly feelings of

"Auld Langsyne."

CONTENTS

CONTENTS.

—000—

CHAPTER V.

PREFACE.

—000—

IT is with much diffidence that I venture to publish a second volume of "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." I am well aware that continuations or second parts seldom sustain the interest of an original work. I could scarcely hope, indeed, that another volume should enjoy the popularity of its predecessor, and at one time I had given up the idea of proceeding with one at all. But I felt that I could not decline the task, after having materials sent to me so kindly and liberally from all parts of the country; and more especially as I feel convinced that stories and illus-

trative anecdotes have been communicated quite equal to any that I have yet published, in real wit, and in characteristic rich Scottish humour. The reasons which made it desirable to preserve the *former* collection seemed equally cogent to justify the present publication. Whilst I take this opportunity of returning my grateful acknowledgments to all and each of the numerous correspondents who have written to me, and who have written so kindly, I have at the same time apologies to make to many for what I am afraid they may deem inattention, and a proneness to undervalue and to overlook their communications. Some of these I received at a time when I was much occupied, and when I was suffering under bodily and mental depression. Papers got into disorder, letters were lost or got separated from the materials they belonged to, and I have to confess a neglect of method, which has produced the usual painful consequences and the usual

unavailing regrets. The present volume is made up of Reminiscences partly personal and partly communicated. Had I published *all* those contributed I should have swelled the book to a size much beyond its present dimensions. It would not be easy to explain for all cases the principle of selection. I have very anxiously avoided being tedious, and have sought to submit to others only what seemed to myself to be at once pointed and characteristic. I make no doubt I have omitted many things which might have been safely adopted, but I preferred erring on the side of giving too *little* to that of giving too *much*.

It has been a pleasing result of this publication that it has awakened Scottish feelings and memories from countrymen long separated from the land of their birth. I have within the last few weeks received communications from different portions of the globe, from Dartford, Connecticut, United States; from

Melbourne, Australia; from the shores of the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia; from Oporon, near Hutno, in Poland, to express how many home associations have been awakened by these old stories.

It may also interest some of my Scottish readers to know that Scotland has sufficient interest in the New World to call for a republication of the whole volume into the pages of an American newspaper; and that a beautiful *American* edition of the "Scottish Reminiscences" has been printed at Boston, United States. When I heard that a well-known firm of that city had resolved to republish the work, I sent, through my kind friends Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, a brief introduction of the work to our Transatlantic brethren. The following preface was in consequence prefixed to the American edition:—

"The respected firm of Ticknor and Fields having arranged to bring out an American edition of my 'Reminiscences of Scottish

Life and Character,' I may perhaps, without intrusion, be allowed to prefix a few words to express the deep and sincere gratification which this proposed republication has afforded me. The mere probability of there being a demand for an American reprint of such a book is of itself a sufficient proof that Scotland, with its many humourous and characteristic associations, still retains its hold upon the affections of many of our Transatlantic brethren. I rejoice to think that the 'Land o' Cakes' is remembered with interest in the great Republic; and I have not words to express the satisfaction which I derived from the thought of contributing to the amusement of American citizens who feel kindly towards Scotland and Scottish Reminiscences. No doubt there must be many families and many individuals scattered throughout the Union, who, from ties of kindred or from their own recollections, will feel their hearts glow with emotion when they hear old Scottish stories of the last

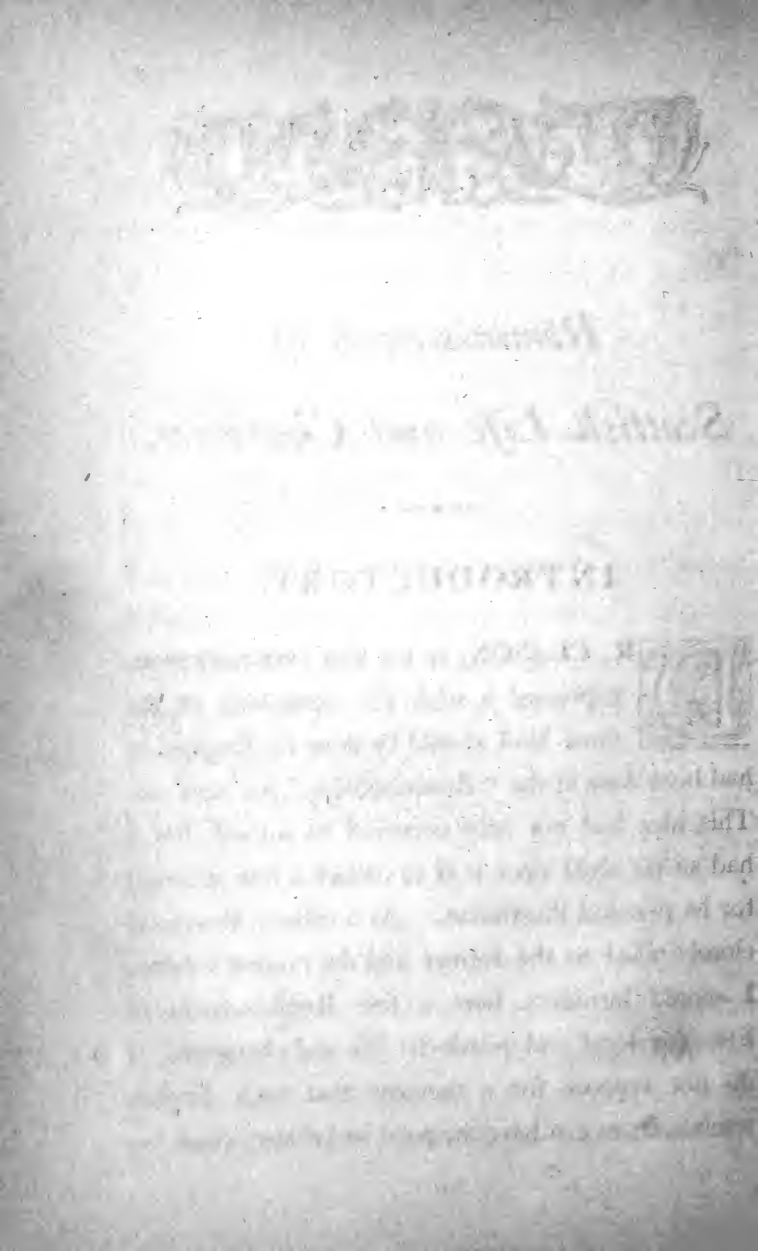
half century. In a distant land, and amidst very different scenes and habits of life, such persons will delight to be reminded or informed of quaint sayings and eccentric doings connected with the past humorists of Scotland in all ranks of society—with her original and strong-minded old ladies—her excellent and simple parish ministers—her amusing parochial half-daft idiots—her pawky lairds, and her old-fashioned and now obsolete domestic servants and retainers."

The book has been kindly received and cordially welcomed by the American press.

Since the former volume was published, the Autobiography of Dr. Carlyle has been given to the world, under the able and judicious editorship of my esteemed friend Mr. Hill Burton. It is certainly a remarkable work, and I notice it especially here as shewing how much of the character and habits of a period may be conveyed by the notices of an individual who has been a cotemporary

with the events he describes, and who journalises his impressions. Dr. Carlyle's Autobiography seems to place before us a most vivid picture of Scottish life and manners. Without being a regular history, it is a "brief abstract and chronicle of the times." The picture is a melancholy one. The period it embraces is from 1722 to 1770; and a less religious period—I mean in the life described and shared by Dr. C. himself—we can scarcely imagine: it is of the "earth earthy;" and we rejoice to think that no clergyman holding *his* position, and conversant as he was with society, could now leave to posterity similar impressions of the period which followed upon that of Dr. Carlyle.

Ainslie Place, Edinburgh,
April 1861.



Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.

INTRODUCTORY.

DR. CLASON, in his first communication, expressed a wish that something of the same kind should be done for England as had been done in the "Reminiscences" for Scotland. This idea had not only occurred to myself, but I had so far acted upon it as to collect a few materials for its practical illustration. As a subject, therefore, closely allied to the former and the present volume, I would introduce here a few Reminiscences of ENGLISH local and provincial life and character. I do not suppose for a moment that such English reminiscences can have the point and charm which be-

long to our own national peculiarities; still they may not be devoid of interest. All pictures taken from life of men and manners, whatever be the rank or position of the parties, are instructive. All changes in social life it may be important to study and record. First, then, I would take my reader to a country district in Yorkshire. I was at school in such a locality in very early life—that is, more than fifty years ago—and one circumstance I would notice regarding my position there; I believe at that period (the very beginning of the century) it was about the most retired village in England not of a mountainous district. No turnpike road went through the parish. It lay in the line of no thoroughfare. The only inhabitants of education were the clergyman—a man of great simplicity of character, who had never been at the university—and my great uncle, of above four score, and a recluse. The people were uneducated to an extent now unusual. Nearly all the letters of the village were written by my uncle's gardener, a Scotchman, who, having the degree of education usual with his countrymen of the profession, and who, being very good natured, had abundant occupation for his evenings; and being moreover a prudent

man and *safe*, he became the depository of nine-tenths of the family secrets of the inhabitants. Being thus ignorant generally, and few of them ever having been twenty miles from the place, I may consider the parish fifty years behind the rest of the world when I went there, so that it now furnishes recollection of rural people, of manners and intelligence dating back a hundred years from the present time. It was indeed a very primitive race, and it is curious to recal the many indications afforded in that obscure village of unmitigated ignorance. With all this were found in full exercise, also, the more violent and vindictive passions of our nature. They might have the simplicity, but not the virtues of Arcadia. We read much in sentimental tales of the innocence of country life, of the native worth and kindly feelings of unsophisticated rural society, and of the happy contrast in these respects of village life with the habits of those who dwell in the crowded population of cities. My early recollections of village life do not bear out these representations. No doubt there were many excellent characters—honest, hard-working, good people; but we were often conversant with scenes of terrible violence, and of frequent drunkenness.

Nothing can be more appalling, more loathsome, than the reminiscences which recal, from a past of nearly sixty years, the horrible language, the profane and impure epithets, which occasionally marked the fierce quarrels of our village disputants. One indication of the primitive simplicity and credulity of these villagers was fully developed. There was a most unshaken belief in the existence of *witchcraft* and the power of witches, and one individual in particular was marked as having the power of injuring cattle, and blighting children, and doing many mischievous acts. I can now recal the care with which, in passing this miserable old creature, we schoolboys used to put our thumb between the first and second finger, pointing it downwards, as the infallible protection against her evil influences. I do not think this individual so suspected was very anxious to *repel* the impeachment. I recollect an old neighbour telling me that on coming from market she had insinuated the charge against her of having "bad books," and that she did not positively disown it. It gave her a sort of importance, and made her an object of some fear and awe in the village. Perhaps this may have been not an uncommon feeling in times past, so that a wretched pride

in the poor creatures accused of witchcraft may often have led them to *favour* the delusion under which their neighbours judged them. There is an inherent love of power in the human mind, and under that fallacy an old woman in a village may rejoice in the importance of being thought a witch.

There were some old English customs of an interesting nature which lingered in the parish. For example, the old habit of bowing to the altar was retained by the rustics on entering church, bowing respectfully to the clergyman in his place A copy of the Scriptures was in the vestry *chained* to the desk on which it lay, and where it had evidently been since this mode of introducing the Bible was practised in time of Edward VI. The passing bell was always sounded on notice of the death of a parishioner, and sounded at any hour, night or day, immediately on the event happening. One striking custom prevailed at funerals. The coffin was borne through the village to the churchyard by six or eight bearers of the same age and sex of the deceased. Thus, young maidens in white carried the remains of the girl with whom they had so lately sported. Boys took their playfellow and school-

companion to the churchyard. The young married woman was borne by matrons—the men of middle-age did the same office for their cotemporary cut off in the pride of manhood—and though the aged women did not share in this arrangement, yet the old man was carried to the grave by men whose white locks and feeble steps shewed that they would soon follow their friend and brother. The effect ofthese processions on a fine summer evening was very striking, especially when, as was often the case, it was preceded by old men, who, bare-headed and with tremulous voices, chanted, as they walked towards the little church, a portion of the ninetieth Psalm, in the quaint old version of Sternhold and Hopkins :—

" Thou, Lord, hast been our sure defence,
Our place of ease and rest,
In all time past, yea, so long since,
As cannot be exprest.
Before was made mountāin or hill,
The earth and world abroad,
From age to age, and always still,
For ever thou art God.

" The lasting of a thousand years,
What is it in thy sight ;

As yesterday it doth appear,
Or as a watch by night.
As soon as thou dost scatter them,
Then is their life and trade
E'en as a sleep, or like the grass,
Whose beauty soon doth fade."

The worship of the little church was, as may be supposed, extremely simple, and yet, even there, innovation and refinement had appeared in the musical department. The old men who used to execute the psalmody, with the clerk at their head, had been superseded—a teacher of singing had been engaged, and a choir, consisting of maidens, boys, and men, executed various sacred pieces with the assistance of a bassoon and violin. I recollect, in the church, a practice which would have shocked the strict rubricians of the present day. Whenever banns of marriage were proclaimed, immediately after the words "this is the first, second, or third time of asking," the old clerk shouted out, "God speed them weel."

In nothing was the primitive and simple character of the people of this district more remarkable than in the social position of the clergy amongst them. The livings were all small, so that there was no temptation for ecclesiastics of birth and high position in society

to come to the locality. The clergy were in many cases clergy only on Sundays, and for Sunday duty. The rest of the week they were like their people. Engaged in agriculture or horse-breeding, they lived with their servants, and were scarcely raised above the position of farmers. To show the primitive manners of many clergymen, I may mention the case of an usher in my school, who was also curate. He enjoyed the euphonious name of Caleb Longbottom. I recollect his dialect—pure Yorkshire; his coat, a black one only on Sunday, as I suppose he was on week days wearing out his old blue coat which he had before going into orders. Lord Macaulay has been charged that, in describing the humble social condition of the clergy in the reign of Charles II., he has greatly exaggerated their want of refinement and knowledge of the world. But really, from recollection of my friend Mr. Longbottom and others at the time I speak of in the reign of George III., I cannot think he has overdrawn the picture. Suppose this incident at a table in our own time:—My uncle lived in what is called in Yorkshire the Hall; and being principal proprietor in the parish, he was, in fact, the squire or great man. The clergy

always dined at the hall after evening service, and I recollect the first day the new curate dined. The awkwardness and shyness of the poor man was striking, even to the eyes of a thoughtless school-boy. He summoned courage to call for beer, and, according to the old custom, deemed it necessary to drink the health of all present before he put the glass to his lips. He addressed first the old gentleman, then the vicar, then myself, and finally, with equal solemnity drank to the servants in attendance—the old butler and the coachman, who were waiting upon the company.

To persons whose ears have been long used to the language and pronunciation of the northern parts of the island,—and to those also associated only with its *southern* modes of speaking,—nothing seems more strange, as connected with the locality I am now describing, than the *dialect* of its inhabitants. To the initiated, Yorkshire is often very expressive—very humourous, and even pathetic; but to those unaccustomed to its words and inflections, it must be as a dead language. From my residing in this retired spot so long, and at a period of life when impressions are strong, I had become quite familiarized with the dialect. In fact, we all spoke

Yorkshire, and I believe I have never quite lost the tone of it in some words. The dialects of England are a curious subject for observation. They differ in various localities more than most people are at all aware of, and the shades of difference are often very nice and delicate. I do not, of course, now pretend to give anything like an account of the general question. But, in a few examples, I would notice *two* dialects which I have known best, viz., Yorkshire and Somerset. The Yorkshire is very broad, and rich, and racy—quite distinguishable from the Durham and Northumberland of one side, from the Lancashire of another, and the Midland Counties of another. Now, here is a specimen of language such as for many early years of my life I was quite familiar:—"I say, Bill, wharst thee boun? Cum up,—mak sharp, honey, or I'll pull thee lugs, I will. Cum doun t'cam soid, and tak huom some bumblekoits, or I'll skin thee wick."[1]

I was much amused by meeting with dialect in Yorkshire *after* I had left school, in company with

[1] "I say, Bill, where are you going? Come up, be quick dear, or I will pull your ears, I will. Come down the bank, and take home some blackberries, or I'll skin ye *alive*."

some natives of the south, who were surprised at the native language, and at my familiarity with it. When at Cambridge, for example, I joined a reading party for the long vacation, and we went with our tutor to Redcar, on the Yorkshire coast, *then* a very retired spot. The first evening we went out for a walk and to see the place. There was a man of Norfolk, a man of Cornwall, a man of Kent, and myself. On coming to the end of a long lane, we met a farmer in a state of excitement, evidently in search of something. His address was :—" I say, as ye coom'd, did ee see out ont mear, doon't lonen ?" My companions could not have been more abroad if they had been addressed in Turkish. But, to their surprise, I answered the farmer—" Yes, we passed it about half way down the lane." The man meant to put this question :—" Did you see, as you came, anything of a mare in the lane?" There is something very strange in such dialect to persons unaccustomed to it, and the contrasts made by it, with other circumstances, odd and unexpected, and sometimes ludicrous. An unusual dialect will often break a tender or a beautiful association. I recollect a friend of mine feeling the force of this contrast on the occasion of his being at an evening

party at Manchester. A young lady was pointed out to him who was considered the belle of the society. She was a very delicate and beautiful girl, and was also considered one of the finest singers in the place. When, therefore, my friend saw one so lovely and so accomplished led to the pianoforte, he formed the highest estimate of the gratification he should receive. This feeling, however, could hardly fail of being a little counteracted by the young lady's accent, and when she began in the broadest Yorkshire tongue to sing, "Oid be a booter floi," etc. I experienced something of the same feeling. When a very young man I was at Liverpool, and was taken to hear the singing at the Blind Asylum. It was very striking. They were practising an anthem with a new organ, lately erected, and the whole effect, arising from the beauty of the music and the infirmity of the performers, was most touching, and I was moved to tears. On leaving Liverpool next morning, I found myself sitting on the top of the coach, next to a tall blind girl whose notes had mainly produced the emotion I had experienced. I addressed her, and said I had heard the music at her asylum the night before, and added, "Your new organ seems a fine one." The senti-

ment of the whole matter received a little shock by her answer:—"Ees it be; but she han't gotten in 't troompet poips." In Somerset the *Saxon* forms of speech still linger, and we are reminded of Chaucer when we hear them say, "He do clothy;" "she do cooky;" "he do jeery me." "He is a clothier;" "she cooks;" "he mocks me." I recollect asking an old man who was complaining of his fare, why he did not eat his loaf which was on the table. "I can 't eatun, zur; it be soa *vinny*." I discovered that he meant "mouldy;" and I found from Rask, "vinny" to be a pure Anglo-Saxon word. I believe it to be a word confined to a particular part of Somersetshire. Amongst the lower orders even, dialects are becoming softened down; and in the upper classes, the joint influence of southern schools and teachers, and of greater facilities of travelling, are tending fast towards obliterating such peculiarities entirely.

It is curious to have noticed amongst the English common people the early effects of the educational system which has now taken deeper root amongst them. I have known persons who had been at school retaining a recollection of words that they had

learned, and that, oftentimes, without the slightest apprehension of any meaning attached to them, or, at any rate, of any *right* meaning. There seemed to be just a jingle of words upon the memory, shewing how often mankind, in learning, without due attention being paid to their real mental condition, learn words to which very little proportion of idea is attached. As an example, I recollect a young man, a stage-coachman, who seemed to set up as rather a wag. He had been to school and to church, and he shewed on several occasions a tendency to quote from what he remembered to have heard, without much reference to any meaning attached to it. A young woman, sitting on the box with him, to whom he was desirous of making himself agreeable, asked him, "Do you drive into Sheffield every day, Mr. Davis?" to which he answered, "Yes, my dear, day by day continually do cry," a senseless application of words of the Te Deum which adhered to his memory. Another favourite story of the late Bishop of London illustrates the same use of mere words:—An old woman, who lived quite alone and was very helpless, had adopted a little girl from the workhouse, and brought her up till she was about sixteen, when she had become

a useful helpmate for her in her household concerns, and was to her as a daughter. The child, however, was persuaded to leave the old woman, and was enticed away to be servant in a farm-house. Some of the neighbours condoling with her, and expressing indignation at the ungrateful conduct of the girl, the poor old woman meekly observed that such things were only to be expected, as we were told in Scripture they *would* happen. She then quoted scriptural authority to that effect, adding, "You know it is said, 'Train up a child, and away he do go,'" which was, in fact, the good woman's reading of the well-known passage, "Train up a child in the way he should go," etc. Another instance of a similar use of the mere words, without regard to any consideration of the meaning, occurred in the case of a rustic parishioner extremely anxious to fulfil his duties as a sponsor to a neighbour's child. The clergyman had laboured hard to get his people to attend to this matter, and audibly and distinctly to make the responses required by the baptismal service. On the occasion I refer to, this godfather was determined to undertake his responsibilities in a bold and manly tone. Not knowing, however, the meaning of the terms

used by the clergyman, he thought only of the words which he had himself to pronounce. The first question asked regards the renunciation of the great spiritual enemies of the faith, to which the answer is, "I renounce them all." But, not knowing that the first question had *already* been asked and answered, and was passed away, when the clergyman came to the second question, which demands if the sponsor believes in the Trinity, and, in short, in all the articles of the Christian faith, the honest fellow, supposing that this was the *first* question, and therefore, as if reckless of all creeds and councils—as if scorning all decisions of Catholic antiquity and fathers, he shouted triumphantly, "*I renounce them all!*"

The small farmers of the west of England whom I remember, were a curious race. They were far behind the present enlightened and improved class of tenants. They were very illiterate—often very stupid in regard to general intelligence. But were, nevertheless, sharp enough in matters that concerned their own interest, and had that acuteness or *mother wit* which is often found in the illiterate. A Somerset clergyman, a friend of mine, who knew the character of the people well, used to say of this class,

the old-fashioned farmers, in regard to their *doing* their landlords or the parson,—"We have heard much of witchcraft, and priestcraft, and other crafts, but commend me to native, genuine, unsophisticated *clown*-craft." They were especially averse to *change* in any of their modes and habits, and when new processes and new inventions were recommended, the invariable answer was, "Why, zur, it be our way." And if urged to alter old ways and adopt new ones, as being better, all that could be got from them was, "I be noa scholard," or "Feather and grandfeather did it afore." And their fixity of tenure was a remarkable feature of their history. I have heard of farmers whose families had been tenants on their farms from father to son, and without leases, from the reign of Henry VII. Their idol was money; and when they got money, they were essentially *purse-proud*. I knew a man who, as a farmer and maltster, had amassed (for him) a good fortune, and who could nevertheless hardly read or write. When he got into quarrels with his neighbours, he used to slap his pocket, and warn his opponent, "You'd better not meddle wi' me, I be pretty respectablish *here*." Riding home from market one day very tipsy, he fell

from his horse, and lay helpless in the ditch. There he was overheard saying, "Here lies ten thousand pound!" But as if he had not done himself justice, and on second thoughts and further consideration, he added, "Why not say elev'n?"

In Somersetshire I had an opportunity of observing the lingering remnant of a very interesting class of religious characters—I mean the Primitive Methodists—persons who had been actually followers of John Wesley, and who did not go beyond his rules and directions. The race which succeeded them were of a different type of character. Less simple in their religious faith—more anxious to make an important sect—and really hostile to the church, which Wesley and his immediate followers never were. There lived in the parish of which I was curate, an old lady, widow of a farmer, whose farm she carried on in conjunction with her son, Mr. Sperring. She was a pure Methodist, and had in early life been a frequent hearer of Mr. Wesley himself, and used to repeat portions of his sermons which she had remembered. I recollect her saying John Wesley never preached longer than twenty minutes. She was a remarkable person this old lady, and I have often regretted not

having taken pains to record her sayings. These had much affinity with the sayings of our old Scottish Presbyterian peasantry, and derived a character and strength from the frequent use of Scripture metaphor and language. The complacent belief expressed by persons of this class of their own superiority in religious matters was very remarkable. Mrs. Sperring was just as confident that she had experienced the change of saving conversion at a particular hour and day, which she remembered, as she was of her own existence. That being, as is well known, a leading doctrine of the Methodists. I recollect her telling me that hers occurred in an orchard during a thunderstorm. She had been gathering apples, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, she felt, as she expressed it, that she had "passed from the spirit of bondage to fear, into the glorious liberty of a child of God." And from this persuasion she never deviated, and she lived to be eighty-four. The way she spoke of the religious opinions and acquirements of her neighbours who were not Methodists was very amusing. She used to say of some persons that they were gospel-hardened; of others, that they were devil-hardened. And of clergymen's religious gifts and attainments

she would speak in the coolest manner possible. Men of learning and high position in the country she would speak of with pity, as not *knowing* the gospel, and on my pointing to a certain bishop, and saying that he certainly preached the gospel, her quiet reply was, "Well, he do preach the gospel as far as he do *know*." There was considerable humour in her descriptions, too—as when she gave me an account of the preaching of Archdeacon Thomas, a very learned high church dignitary, who had been rector of a parish in the lower part of Somersetshire in which she had been a farmer's wife. The archdeacon and the Dissenters of his parish had not been on good terms, and he expressed to some of the farmers great indignation at their deserting the church-service, and going to listen to the discourse of ignorant and uneducated preachers of the Methodist persuasion. They gave as their reason of preference, that Church clergymen preached from book, but that the Methodists preached without a book. "Oh," said the archdeacon, "if that is all, if you come to church next Sunday, *I* will preach to you without a book. So when the Sunday came, the church was full, and all eyes and ears were attent upon the learned archdeacon, when he mounted

the pulpit to preach without any written paper. According to her description, he began with a description of the ancient people of Israel, and having got them into captivity in Babylon, he was obliged to leave them there, and closed his discourse by saying that there were some matters connected with the Jewish people which surpassed his knowledge; and so he left them, and preached no more without his M.S. On my remonstrating against such a description of Archdeacon Thomas, who was really a great scholar and a learned divine, all she replied was, "I don't know! but certainly what I heard was neither law nor gospel, spirit nor letter, for it was nothing at all." Still more amusing was her own account of a conversation she had with her farm servant, of whose abilities and attainments as a divine she had a very low opinion, but who, she heard, had become what was called a *local* preacher amongst the Methodists. So she attacked him:—"Well, John, hast thee become preacher? Thee'lt never sound the trumpet in Zion. Thee'll never be anything but a *ram's-horn* preacher." However, John's answer was not bad:—"Well, Missus, I may be a ram's-

horn preacher, but it was the rams' horns that brought down the walls of Jericho!"

These reminiscences of English provincial life and character are but a few specimens of what has occurred to myself in a very limited sphere of observation. I am fully persuaded that many interesting characteristics of men and manners might be preserved, if those who have had more extended and more important fields of knowledge were to record the peculiarities and most striking incidents of social life as it passed before them. Individuals and localities possess their own characteristic features. Classes of men are marked out by peculiarities which must always be curious and interesting subjects for observation. Many *important objects* may be gained by such knowledge of mankind beyond that of mere curiosity; for, in all questions connected with the office of the Christian minister, with the spread of popular education, and, in fact, with all social and moral improvement, it must be of the greatest importance to have an accurate acquaintance with the habits and mental peculiarities of those who are to be dealt with in such matters.

CHAPTER I.

On Religious Feelings and Religious Observances.

I COMMENCE this supplemental volume with the subject that formed the first division of the original work, viz., "Changes in Religious Feelings and Religious Observances." In the Reminiscences I have noticed many such changes which have taken place in Scotland. It could hardly be otherwise, when we consider the increased facilities of communication between the two countries, a facility which extends to the introduction of English books upon religious subjects. The most popular and engaging works connected with the Church of England have now a free circulation in Scotland, and it is impossible that such productions as the "Christian Year," for example, and many others—whether for good or bad is not now the question—should not produce their effects

upon minds trained in the strictest school of Calvinistic theology. I should be disposed to *extend* the boundaries of this division, and to include under "Religious Feelings and Religious Observances" many anecdotes which belong perhaps rather indirectly than directly to the subject. Thus it has struck me that on a subject closely allied with religious feelings a great change has taken place in Scotland during a period of less than fifty years—I mean the attention paid to cemeteries as depositories of the mortal remains of those who have departed. In my early days I never recollect seeing any efforts made for the embellishment and adornment of our churchyards; if tolerably secured by fences, enough had been done. The English and Welsh practices of planting flowers, keeping the turf smooth and dressed over the graves of friends, were quite unknown. Indeed, I suspect such attention fifty years ago would have been thought by the sterner Presbyterians as somewhat savouring of superstition. The account given by Sir W. Scott, in "Guy Mannering," of an Edinburgh burial-place was universally applicable to Scottish sepulchres.[1] A very different

[1] "This was a square enclosure in the Greyfriars' Churchyard, guarded on one side by a veteran angel without a nose, and having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub,

state of matters has grown up within the last few years. Cemeteries and churchyards are now as carefully ornamented in Scotland as in England. Shrubs, flowers, smooth turf, and neatly kept gravel walks, are a pleasing accompaniment to head-stones, crosses, and varied forms of monumental memorials, in freestone, marble, and granite. Nay, more than these, not unfrequently we see an imitation of French sentiment, in wreaths of "everlasting" placed over graves as emblems of immortality; and in one of our Edinburgh cemeteries, I have seen these enclosed in glass cases, to preserve them from the effects of wind and rain.

In consequence of neglect, the unprotected state of churchyards was evident from the number of stories in circulation connected with the circumstance of timid and excited passengers going amongst the tombs of the village. The following, amongst others, has been communicated. The *locale* of the story is unknown, but it is told of a weaver who, after enjoying his potations, pursued his way home through the churchyard, his vision and walking somewhat impaired. As he proceeded, he diverged

who had stood sentinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk, among the hemlock, burdock, and nettles which grew in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum."

from the path, and unexpectedly stumbled into a partially made grave. Stunned for a while, he lay in wonder at his descent, and after some time he got out, but he had not proceeded much farther when a similar calamity befell him. At this second fall, he was heard, in a tone of wonder and surprise, to utter the following exclamation, referring to what he considered the untenanted graves, "Ay! I'r ye a' up an awa'?" In the same class of mortuary reminiscences, we may place the novelty lately introduced amongst us of having stained-glass windows in churches, as memorials of the departed.[1]

In connection with the awful subject of death and all its concomitants, it has been often remarked, that the older generation of Scottish people used to view the circumstances belonging to the decease of their nearest and dearest friends, with a coolness which does not at first sight seem consistent with their deep and sincere religious impressions. Amongst the peasantry, this was sometimes manifested in an extraordinary and startling manner. I do not believe that those persons had less affection for their friends, than a corresponding class in Eng-

[1] Distinguished examples of these are to be found in the New Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, and in the Cathedral of Glasgow; to say nothing of the beautiful specimens in St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburgh.

land, but they had less awe of the concomitants of death, and approached them with more familiarity. For example, I remember long ago at Fasque, my sister-in-law visiting a worthy and attached old couple, of whom the husband, Charles Duncan, who had been gardener at Fasque for above thirty years, was evidently dying. He was sitting on a common deal chair, and on my sister proposing to send down for his use an old arm chair, which she recollected was laid up in a garret—his wife, exclaimed against such a needless trouble. "Hout, my lady, what would he be duin' wi' an arm chair; he's just deeing fast awa?" I have two anecdotes, illustrative of the same state of feeling, from a lady of ancient Scottish family, accustomed to visit her poor dependants on the property, and to notice their ways. She was calling at a decent cottage, and found the occupant busy carefully ironing out some linens—the lady remarked, "Those are fine linens you have got there, Janet." "Troth mem," was the reply, "they're just the gudeman's *deed* claes, and there are nane better i' the parish." On another occasion, when visiting an excellent woman, to condole with her on the death of her nephew, with whom she had lived, and whose loss must have been severely felt by her; she remarked, "What a nice white cap you have got, Margaret." "Indeed mem,

ay, sae it is; for ye see the gude lad's winding-sheet was ower lang, and I cut aff as muckle as made twa bonny mutches" (caps).

Under the present head there is a subject connected with the expression of religious opinion, on which I must think a great change has taken place within the last fifty years—I refer to the quaint, and frequently irreverent, manner in which sacred subjects were referred to by the older Scottish race, —they did not *mean* to be irreverent or profane, but no doubt they appeared so to a more refined but not really a more religious generation.

It seems to me that this plainness of speech arose in part from the *sincerity* of their belief in all the circumstances of another condition of being. They spoke of things hereafter as positive certainties, and viewed things invisible through the same medium as they viewed things present. I have alluded to this matter in the anecdote related at p. 76, of Miss Johnston. The following is equally illustrative, and I am assured of its perfect authenticity and literal correctness: "Joe M'Pherson and his wife lived in Inverness. They had two sons, who helped their father in his trade of a smith. They were industrious and careful, but not successful. The old man had bought a house, leaving a large part of the price unpaid. It was the ambition of

his life to pay off that debt, but it was too much for him, and he died in the struggle. His sons kept on the business with the old industry, and with better fortune. At last their old mother fell sick, and told her sons she was dying, as in truth she was. The elder son said to her, 'mother, you'll soon be with my father; no doubt you'll have much to tell him; but dinna forget this, mother, mind ye, tell him *the house is freed.* He'll be glad to hear that.'"

A similar feeling is manifest in the following conversation, which, I am assured, is authentic: At Hawick, the people used to wear wooden clogs, which make a *clanking* noise on the pavement. A dying old woman had some friends by her bed-side, who said to her, "weel Jenny, ye are gaun to Heeven, an' gin you should see our folk, ye can tell them that we're a' weel." To which Jenny replied, "weel, gin I shud see them I'se tell them, but you manna expect that I am to gang clank clanking through Heeven looking for your folk."

But of all stories of this class, I think the following death-bed conversation between a Scottish husband and wife, is about the richest specimen of a dry Scottish matter of fact view, of a very serious question. An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his wife, who was

dying. She took him by the hand. "Weel John, we're gawin to part. I hae been a gude wife to you, John." "Oh just middling, just middling, Jenny," said John, not disposed to commit himself. "John," says she, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirk-yard at Stra'von, beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk, in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow." "Weel weel, Jenny, my woman," said John soothingly, "We'll just pit you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you sine in Stra'von."

There was something very striking in the homely, quaint, and severe expressions on religious subjects which marked the old-fashioned piety of persons shadowed forth in Sir Walter Scott's Davie Deans. I have already referred in the Reminiscences, p. 14, to the shepherd of Bonaly, and his rebuke of Lord Rutherfurd's remark about the east wind, but an admirable addition to that scene was the shepherd's answer to Lord Cockburn, the proprietor of Bonaly. He was sitting on the hill-side with the shepherd, and observing the sheep reposing in the coldest situation, he observed to him, "John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill." The shepherd answered, "ay, my lord, but if ye had been a sheep ye would hae had mair sense."

The sort of unimaginative and matter-of-fact view

of things connected with the other world extended to a very youthful age, as in the case of the little boy who, when told of Heaven, put the question, "an' will Faather be there?" His instructress answered, "of course, she hoped he would be there;" to which he sturdily at once replied, "then I'll no gang."

We might apply these remarks in some measure to the Scottish pulpit ministrations of an older school, in which a minuteness of detail and a quaintness of expression were quite common, but which could not now be tolerated. I have two specimens of such antiquated language, supplied by correspondents, and I am assured they are both genuine.

The first is given on the authority of a St. Andrews Professor, who is stated to be a great authority in such narratives.

In one of our northern counties, a rural district had its harvest operations seriously affected by continuous rains. The crops being much laid, wind was desired in order to restore them to a condition fit for the sickle. A minister, in his Sabbath services, expressed their wants in prayer as follows:—"O Lord, we pray thee to send us wind, no a rantin', tantin', tearin' wind, but a noohin' (noughin?) soughin', winnin' wind." More expressive words

than these could not be found in any language, and it is believed the story has not been published.

The other story relates to a portion of the Presbyterian service on sacramental occasions, called "fencing the tables," *i. e.*, prohibiting the approach of those who were unworthy to receive.

This fencing of the tables was performed in the following effective manner by an old divine, whose flock transgressed the third commandment, not in a gross and loose manner, but in its minor details: "I debar all those who use such minced oaths as faith! troth! losh! gosh! and lovanenty!"

There was a system connected with Scottish church discipline which has undergone a great change in my time, I mean the public censure from the pulpit, in the time of divine service of offenders, previously convicted before the minister and his kirk session. This was performed by the guilty person standing up before the congregation on a raised platform, called the *cutty stool*, and receiving a rebuke. I never saw it done, but have heard in my part of the country of the discipline being enforced occasionally. Indeed, I recollect an instance where the rebuke was thus administered, and received under circumstances that made the scene very striking, and to partake of the moral sublime. The daughter of the minister had herself committed such an offence

against moral purity, as usually called forth this church censure. The minister peremptorily refused to make her an exception to his ordinary practice. His child stood up in the congregation, and received, from her agonized father, a rebuke similar to that administered to other members of his congregation for a like offence. The spirit of the age was unfavourable to the practice. The rebuke on the cutty stool, like the penance in a white sheet in England, went out of use, and the circumstance is now a matter of "reminiscence." I have received some communications on the subject, which bear upon this point; and I subjoin the following remarks from a kind correspondent, a clergyman, to whom I am largely indebted, as indicating the great change which has taken place in this matter.

Church discipline, he writes, was much more vigorously enforced in olden time than it is now. A certain couple having been guilty of illicit intercourse, within the forbidden degrees, appeared before the Presbytery of Lanark, and made confession in sackcloth. They were ordered to return to their own session, and to stand, according to the injunction of the session, at the kirk-door, barefoot and barelegged, from the second bell to the last, and thereafter in the public place of repentance; and, at direction of the session, thereafter to go through the

whole kirks of the presbytery, and to satisfy them in like manner. If such penance were now enforced for like offences, we believe the registration books of many parishes in Scotland would become more creditable in certain particulars than they unfortunately are at the present time.

Mr. Small, a former minister of the parish of Stair, in Ayrshire, joined this discipline with much kindness to his parishioners. He was accustomed on stormy Sundays to take his congregation into a public house, contiguous to the church, and give them a short service over the back of a chair. At the conclusion he treated them to a few tankards of ale, and dismissed them in comfort to their several abodes. It is said, that he occasionally had broth provided for them by the alewife, which they received in addition to the ale. The repentance stool, nevertheless, was in use in his time, although it died out as in other places. A young farmer being cited to appear upon it on a certain Sunday; on the previous evening he called upon the beadle, whom he bribed to open the church door, and having seized the abominated stool, he broke it into a thousand pieces, which was easily done, as it was far decayed. On the following day it could not be found, and it was never again replaced.

But there was a less formidable ecclesiastical censure occasionally given by the minister from the pulpit, like those referred to at pp. 182 and 250, in the Reminiscences, against *sleeping* in church, and other misdemeanours which took place under his own eye. A most amusing specimen of such censure was one inflicted by the minister upon his own wife, for an offence not in our day visited with so heavy a penalty. The clergyman had observed one of his flock asleep during his sermon. He paused, and called him to order. "Jeems Robson, ye are sleepin', I insist on your wauking when God's word is preached to ye." "Weel sir, ye may look at your ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me," answered Jeems, pointing to the clergyman's lady in the minister's pew. "Then Jeems," said the minister, "when ye see my wife asleep again, haud up your hand." By and bye the arm was stretched out, and sure enough the fair lady was caught in the act. Her husband solemnly called upon her to stand up and receive the censure due to her offence. He thus addressed her:—"Mrs. B., a'body kens that when I got ye for my wife, I got nae beauty. Yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace, I shall hae a puir bargain indeed."

There are many anecdotes which might be added to those already recorded, as shewing the

very strong feeling existing in the Scottish mind on Sabbath observance. But I do not know one which is more to the purpose than the following:— At a certain time, the hares in the neighbourhood of a Scottish burgh had, from the inclemency of the season or from some other cause, become emboldened more than usual to approach the dwelling-places of men; so much so, that on one Sunday morning a hare was seen skipping along the street as the people were going to church. An old man spying puss in this unusual position, significantly remarked, "Ay, yon beast kens weel it is the Sabbath-day;" taking it for granted that no one in the place would be found audacious enough to hurt the animal on a Sunday.

Lady Macneil supplies an excellent pendant to Miss Stuart's story about the clock going on the Sunday (page 15). Her hen wife had got some Dorking fowls, and on Lady M. asking if they were laying many eggs, she replied, with great earnestness, "Indeed, my leddy, they lay every day, no' excepting the blessed Sabbath."

There were, however, old persons at that time who were not quite so orthodox on the point of Sabbath observance, and of these a lady residing in Dumfries was known often to employ her wet Sundays in arranging her wardrobe. "Preserve

us!" she said on one occasion, "anither gude Sunday! I dinna ken whan I'll get thae drawers red up."

On this point of changes in religious feeling, I may notice that we had within the scope of these Reminiscences a character in Aberdeenshire, which has now gone out—I mean the popular and universally well-received Roman Catholic priest. Religious differences, and strong prejudices, seem at the present time to draw a more decided line of separation between the priest and his Protestant countrymen. As examples of what is past, I would refer to the case of a genial and Romish bishop in Ross-shire. It is well known that private stills were prevalent in the Highlands fifty or sixty years ago, and no one thought there was any harm in them. This good bishop, whose name I forget, was (as I heard the late W. Mackenzie of Muirton assure a party at Dunrobin Castle), several years previously a famous hand at brewing a good glass of whisky, and that he distributed his mountain dew with a liberal and impartial hand alike to Catholic and to Protestant friends. Of this class, I recollect, certainly forty-five years ago, priest Gordon, a genuine Aberdonian, and a man beloved by all, rich and poor. He was a sort of chaplain to Menzies of Pitfodels, and visited in all the country families round Aber-

deen. I remember once his being at Banchory Lodge, and thus apologising to my aunt for going out of the room:—"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Forbes, for leaving you, but I man just gey doun to the garden and say mi bit wordies," these "bit wordies" being in fact the portion of the Breviary which he was bound to recite—so easily and pleasantly were those matters then referred to.

The following, however, is a still richer illustration, and I am assured it is genuine;—"Towards the end of the last century, a worthy Roman Catholic clergyman, well known as 'Priest Matheson,' and universally respected in the district, had charge of a mission in Aberdeenshire, and for a long time made his journeys on a piebald pony, the priest and his 'Pyet Shelty' sharing an affectionate recognition wherever they came. On one occasion, however, he made his appearance on a steed of a different description, and passing near a Seceding meeting-house, he forgathered with the minister, who, after the usual kindly greetings, missing the familiar pony said, 'Ou Priest! fat's come o' the auld Pyet?' 'He's deid, minister.' 'Weel, he was an auld faithfu' servant, and ye wad nae doot gie him the offices o' the Church?' 'Na, minister,' said his friend, not quite liking this allusion to his priestly offices, 'I didna dee that, for ye see he *turned Seceder afore*

he deed, an' I buried him like a beast.' He then rode quietly away. This worthy man, however, could, when occasion required, rebuke with seriousness as well as point. Always a welcome guest at the houses of both clergy and gentry, he is said on one occasion to have met with a laird, whose hospitality he had thought it proper to decline, and on being asked the reason for the interruption of his visits, answered, 'Ye ken, an' I ken, but, laird! God kens.'"

I have already, at page 251 of Reminiscences, referred to a custom which I recollect was always practised in the church of Fettercairn during my boyish days, viz., that of the minister, Mr. Foote, bowing to the heritors in succession who occupied the front gallery seats, and I am assured that this bowing from the pulpit to the principal heritor or heritors after the blessing had been pronounced was very common in rural parishes till about forty years ago, and perhaps till a still later period. And when heritors chanced to be pretty equally matched, there was sometimes an unpleasant contest as to who was entitled to the precedence in having the *first* bow. A case of this kind once occurred in the parish of Lanark, which was carried so far as to be laid before the Presbytery, but they not considering themselves "competent judges of the points of honour and

precedency among gentlemen, and, to prevent all inconveniency in these matters in the future, appointed the minister to forbear bowing to gentlemen from the pulpit for the time to come; and they also appointed four of their number "to wait upon the gentlemen to deal with them, for bringing them to condescend to submit hereunto, for the success of the gospel, and the peace of the parish."

In connection with this subject, we may mention a ready and complimentary reply once made by the late Reverend Dr. Wightman of Kirkmahoe, on being rallied for his neglecting this usual act of courtesy one sabbath, in his own church. The heritor who was entitled to, and always received this token of respect, was P. Miller, Esquire, proprietor of Dalswinton. One sabbath the Dalswinton pew contained a bevy of ladies, but no gentlemen, and the Doctor—perhaps because he was a bachelor and felt a delicacy in the circumstances—omitted the usual salaam in their direction. A few days after, meeting Miss Miller, who was widely famed for her great beauty, and who afterwards became Countess of Mar, she rallied him, in presence of her companions, for not bowing to her from the pulpit on the previous Sunday, and requested an explanation, when the good Doctor immediately replied,—"I beg your pardon, Miss Miller, but you

surely know that angel worship is not allowed in the Church of Scotland;" and lifting his hat, he made a low bow, and passed on.

Scottish congregations, in some parts of the country, contain an element in their composition quite unknown in English churches. In pastoral parts of the country, it is usual for each shepherd to bring his faithful collie-dog—at least it was so some years ago. In a district of Sutherland, where the population is very scanty, the congregations are made up one-half of dogs, each human member having his canine companion. These dogs sit out the Gaelic services and sermon with commendable patience, till towards the end of the last psalm, when there is a universal stretching and yawning, and they are all ready to scamper out, barking in a most excited manner whenever the blessing is commenced. The congregation of one of these churches determined that the service should close in a more decorous manner, and steps were taken to attain this object. Accordingly, when a stranger clergyman was officiating, he found the people all sitting when he was about to pronounce the blessing. He hesitated, and paused, expecting them to rise, till an old shepherd looking up to the pulpit, said, "Say awa,' sir, we're a' sitting to cheat the dowgs."

I remember in the parish church of Fettercairn,

though it must be sixty years ago, a custom—still lingering, I believe, in some parts of the country—of the precentor reading each single line before it was sung by the congregation. This practice gave rise to a somewhat unlucky introduction of a line from the first psalm. In a church in the west of Scotland the communion tables are placed in the centre of the church. After sermon and prayer, the seats round these tables are occupied by the communicants while a psalm is being sung. One communion Sabbath, the precentor observed the noble family of —— approaching the tables, and likely to be kept out by those pressing in before them. Being very zealous for their accommodation, he called out to an individual whom he considered the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Jock, and let in the noble family of ——," and then turning to his psalm-book, took up his duty, and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in sinners' way."

The old Scottish hearers were very particular on the subject of their minister's preaching old sermons; and to repeat a discourse which they could recollect was always made a subject of animadversion by those who heard it. A beadle who was a good deal of a wit in his way, gave a sly hit in his pretended defence of his minister on

the question. As they were proceeding from church, the minister observed the beadle had been laughing as if he had triumphed over some of the parishioners with whom he had been in conversation. On asking the cause of this, he received for answer, "Indeed, sir, they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to day, but I tackled them, for I tauld them it was no an auld sermon, for the minister had preached it no sax months syne."

I remember the minister of Banchory, Mr. Gregory, availed himself of the feelings of his people on this subject for the purpose of accomplishing a particular object. During the building of the new church, the service had to be performed in a schoolroom, which did not nearly hold the congregation. The object was to get part of the parish to attend in morning, and part in afternoon. Mr. Gregory prevented those who had attended in the morning from returning in the afternoon by just giving them, as he said, "cauld kail het again."

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that, notwithstanding this feeling in the matter of a repetition of old sermons, there was amongst a large class of Scottish preachers of a former day such a sameness of subject as really sometimes made it difficult to distinguish the discourse of one Sunday from amongst others. These were entirely doctrinal, and how-

ever they might commence, after the opening or introduction, hearers were certain to find the preacher falling gradually into the old channel. The fall of man in Adam, his restoration in Christ, justification by faith, and the terms of the new covenant formed the staple of each sermon, and without which it was not in fact reckoned complete as an orthodox exposition of Christian doctrine. Without omitting the essentials of Christian instruction, preachers now take a wider view of illustrating and explaining the gospel scheme of salvation and regeneration, without constant recurrence to the elemental and fundamental principles of the faith. From my friend Dr. Cook of Haddington (who it is well known has a copious stock of old Scotch traditionary anecdotes), I have an admirable illustration of this state of things as regards pulpit instruction.

"Much of the preaching of the Scotch clergy," Dr. Cook observes, "in the last century was almost exclusively doctrinal. The fall—the nature, the extent, and the application of the remedy. In the hands of able men, no doubt, there might be much variety of exposition, but with weaker or indolent men, preaching extempore, or without notes, it too often ended in a weekly repetition of what had been already said. An old elder of mine, whose recollection might reach back from sixty to seventy

years, said to me one day, 'Now-a-days, people make a work if a minister preach the same sermon over again in the course of two or three years. When I was a boy, we would have wondered if old Mr. W—— had preached anything else than what we had heard the Sunday before.' My old friend used to tell of a clergyman who had held forth on the broken covenant till his people longed for a change. The elders waited on him to intimate their wish. They were examined on their knowledge of the subject, found deficient, rebuked, and dismissed, but after a little while they returned to the charge, and the minister gave in. Next Lord's day he read a large portion of the history of Joseph and his brethren, as the subject of a lecture. He paraphrased it greatly, no doubt, to the detriment of the original, but much to the satisfaction of his people, for it was something new. He finished the paraphrase, 'and now,' says he, 'my friends, we shall proceed to draw some lessons and inferences; and 1*st*, you will observe that the sacks of Joseph's brethren were *ripit*, and in them was found the cup; so your sacks will be ripit at the day of judgment, and the first thing found in them will be the broken covenant,' and having gained this advantage, the sermon went off into the usual strain, and embodied the usual heads of elementary dogmatic theology."

More importance seems to have been attached to funeral celebrations, than is done at present. To the kindness of Rev. Mr. Hogg of Kirkmahoe, I am indebted for examples of this, as well as for other interesting communications. There used to be a great competition among elders in praying at funerals in the absence of a clergyman. Those who had a great gift in this way, went far and wide to such solemnities, even when not invited, as they considerately said, their services *might* be required. At a funeral in the parish of Straiton, Ayrshire, one of these worthies was present, called John Stewart, and was called upon to officiate. As his great rival, David Stevenson, from a neighbouring parish, was not there, and he saw he would have both to ask the blessing and give thanks, he reserved his great strength for the latter, when all his set phrases and pathetic sentiments were to come forth like a strong army, doing great execution. In fact the *blessing*, even in his own estimation, was a so-and-so affair. It was to the *thanks* he looked forward with triumph. To his great chagrin, however, on opening his eyes after the first performance, his rival David was standing full before him, and after the service, he was called on to give thanks, which he did with the greatest effect, completely extinguishing poor John, and unanimously bearing away the palm. John felt

his defeat most keenly, and could not conceal his mortification. On his way to the churchyard, he hinted to two or three beside him, his ability to eclipse David, and proposed that after the interment they should adjourn to the public house, and order bread, and cheese, and ale, to afford him an opportunity of proving his ability over his antagonist. The proposal was agreed to, and John held forth with the greatest unction for nearly half an hour.

The Rev. Mr. Laurie of Kirkmichael, Ayrshire, was in the habit of giving an exhortation to those attending a funeral, after the grave was filled up. On the last occasion that he thus addressed them, William M'Murtie, keeper of the village inn, was at the funeral, and had got something more than enough. He was on very intimate terms with the minister. William saw the trouble which it took to replace a very large "*through stane*" on the grave, and when the minister began to intimate that though they now put dust to dust, yet the day was not far distant, when he would assuredly rise again. "My faith," said William, "if ye ettle him to rise again, ye're no his freen' to put that stane on him, for the rest will be up and past the Clawbag wood, afore he get frae 'neath it, and the stoor shaken aff him."

Some of the elders were great humorists and originals in their way. An elder of the kirk at

Muthill used to manifest his humour and originality by his mode of collecting the alms. As he went round with the ladle, he used to remind such members of the congregation as seemed backward in their duty, by giving them a poke with the "brod," and making, in an audible whisper, such remarks as these—"Wife at the braid mailin, mind the puir;" "Lass wi' the braw plaid, mind the puir," etc., a mode of collecting which marks rather a by-gone state of things.

One question connected with religious feeling, and the manifestation of religious feeling, has become a settled point amongst us, since fifty years have expired. I mean the question of attendance by clergymen on theatrical representations. Dr. Carlyle had himself been prosecuted before the General Assembly in 1757 for being present at the performance of the Tragedy of Douglas, by his friend John Home. He was acquitted, however, and writes thus on the subject.

"Although the clergy in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood had abstained from the theatre, because it gave offence, yet the more remote clergymen, when occasionally in town, had almost universally attended the playhouse. It is remarkable that, in the year 1784, when the great actress Mrs. Siddons first appeared in Edinburgh, during the sitting of the

General Assembly, that Court was obliged to fix all its important business for the alternate days when she did not act, as all the younger members, clergy as well as laity, took their stations in the theatre on those days, by three in the afternoon."

Drs. Robertson and Blair, although they cultivated the acquaintance of Mrs. Siddons in private, were amongst those clergymen referred to by Dr. Carlyle, who abstained from attendance in the theatre; but Dr. Carlyle states, that they regretted not taking the opportunity of witnessing a display of her talent, and of giving their sanction to the theatre as a place of recreation. Dr. Carlyle evidently considered it a narrow-minded intolerance and bigotted fanaticism, that clergymen should be excluded from that amusement. At a period far later than 1784, the same opinion prevailed in some quarters. I recollect when such indulgence on the part of clergymen, was treated with much leniency, especially for Episcopalian clergy. I do not mean to say, that there was anything like a general feeling in favour of clerical theatrical attendance, but there can be no question of a feeling far less strict than what exists in our own time. As I have said, thirty-six years ago some clergymen went to the theatre, and a few years before that, when my brothers and I were passing through Edinburgh, in going back-

ward and forward to school, at Durham, with our tutor, a licentiate of the Established Church of Scotland, and who afterwards attained considerable eminence in the Free Church, we certainly went with him to the theatre there, and at Durham, very frequently. We may consider the question now fully decided, as regards Scotland. I feel quite assured, no clergyman could expect to retain the respect of his people or of the public, of whom it was known that he attended theatrical representations. It is so understood. I had opportunities of conversing with the late Mr. Murray of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and with Mr. Charles Kean on the subject. Both admitted the fact, and certainly if any men of the profession *could* have removed the feeling from the public mind, these were the men to have done it.

There is a phase of religious observances which has undergone a great change amongst us within fifty years. I mean the services and circumstances connected with the administration of the Holy Communion. When these occurred in a parish they were called "occasions," and the great interest excited by these sacramental solemnities may be gathered from "Peter's Letters," "The Annals of the Parish," and Burns' poem. Such ceremonials are now conducted, I believe, just as the ordinary

Church services. Some years back they were considered a sort of preaching matches. Ministers vied with each other in order to bear away the bell in popularity, and hearers embraced the opportunity in exhibiting to one another their powers of criticism on what they heard and saw. In the parish of Urr, Dumfriesshire, on one sacramental occasion, some of the assistants invited were eminent ministers in Edinburgh; Dr. Scot, of St. Michael's, Dumfries, was the only local one who was asked, and he was, in his own sphere, very popular as a preacher. A brother clergyman complimenting him upon the honour of being so invited, the old bald-headed divine modestly replied, "Gude bless you, man, what can I do? They're a' han' wailed[1] this time; I need never shew face among them." "Ye're quite mista'en," was the soothing encouragement, "tak' your *Resurrection* (a well-known service used for such occasions by him), an' I'll lay my lug ye'll beat every clute o' them." The Doctor did as suggested, and exerted himself to the utmost, and it appears he did not exert himself in vain. A batch of old women, on their way home after the conclusion of the services, were overheard discussing the merits of the several preachers who had that day addressed them from the tent. "Leeze me abune

[1] Carefully selected.

them a' " said one of the company who had waxed warm in the discussion, " for yon auld clear-headed (bald) man, that said, ' Raphael sings an' Gabriel strikes his goolden harp, an' a' the angels clap their wings wi' joy.' O but it was gran', it just put me in min' o' our geese at Dunjarg when they turn their nebs to the south an' clap their wings when they see the rain's comin' after lang drooth."

There is a subject closely allied with the religious feelings of a people, and that is the subject of their *superstitions*. To enter upon that question, in a general view, especially in reference to the Highlands, is far too wide a field for the present occasion. But I am supplied with an account of a peculiar superstition regarding swine which existed some years ago among the lower orders of the east coast of Fife. I can observe, in my own experience, a great change to have taken place amongst Scotch people generally on this subject. Horror of the " unclean animal " still lingers in the Highlands, but seems in the lowland districts to have yielded to a sense of its thrift and usefulness.[1] The account given by my correspondent is too curious to be omitted. I give it as I received it.

[1] I recollect an old Scottish gentleman, who shared this horror, asking very gravely, " Were not swine forbidden under the law, and cursed under the gospel ? "

Among the many superstitious notions and customs prevalent among the lower orders of the fishing towns on the east coast of Fife, till very recently, that class entertained a great horror of swine, and even at the very mention of the word. If that animal crossed their path when about to set out on a sea voyage, they considered it so unlucky an omen that they would not venture off. A clergyman of one of these fishing villages having mentioned this superstition to a clerical friend, and finding that he was rather incredulous on the subject, in order to convince him told him he would allow him an opportunity of testing the truth of it by allowing him to preach for him the following day. It was arranged that his friend was to read the chapter relating to the herd of swine into which the evil spirits were cast. Accordingly, when the first verse was read in which the unclean beast was mentioned, a slight commotion was observable among the audience, each one of them putting his or her hand on any near piece of iron—a nail on the seat or bookboard, or to the nails on their shoes. At the repetition of the word again and again, more commotion was visible, and the words "cauld airn" (cold iron), the antidote to this baneful spell, were heard issuing from various corners of the church. And finally, on his coming

over the hated word again, when the whole herd ran violently down the bank into the sea, the alarmed parishioners, irritated beyond bounds, rose and all left the church in bodies.

The great change—the great improvement, I would say—which has taken place during the last half century in the feelings and practical relations of religion with social life is, that it has become more diffused through all ranks and all characters. Before that period many good sort of people were afraid of making a special religious profession, and were always separated from those who did. Persons who made a profession at all beyond the low standard generally adopted in society were marked out as objects of fear or of distrust. The anecdote at page 10 regarding the practice of family prayer fully proves this. Now religious people and religion itself are not kept aloof from the ordinary current of men's thoughts and actions. There is no such marked line as used to be drawn round persons who make a decided profession of religion. Christian men and women have stepped over the line, and without compromising their Christian principle, are not necessarily either morose, uncharitable, or exclusive. The effects of the separation were injurious to men's minds. Religion was with many associated with puritanism, with cant, and unfitness for the world.

There was an impression too, not unnatural on many minds, that the almost exclusive reference to doctrinal subjects, and the dread of upholding the law, and of enforcing its more minute details, were not favourable to the cause of moral rectitude and practical holiness of life. This was hinted in a sly way by a young member of the kirk to his old-fashioned father, a minister of the severe and high Calvinistic school. Old Dr. Lockhart of Glasgow was lamenting one day, in the presence of his son John, the fate of a man who had been found guilty of immoral practices, and the more so that he was one of his own elders; remarked his son, "Well, father, you see what you've driven him to."

The same feeling came forth with much point and humour on an occasion referred to in "Carlyle's Memoirs." In a company where John Home and David Hume were present, much wonder was expressed what *could* have induced a clerk belonging to Sir William Forbes' bank to abscond, and embezzle £900. "I know what it was," said Home to the historian, "for when he was taken there was found in his pocket a volume of your philosophical works and Boston's 'Fourfold State'"—a hit, 1st, at the infidel, whose principles would have undermined Christianity; and 2d, a hit at the Church, which had expelled him for writing the tragedy of Douglas.

CHAPTER II.

On Old Scottish Conviviality.

IN adding a few materials to Reminiscences regarding the former *convivial* habits of Scottish social life, one cannot help looking back with amazement at the infatuation which could for a moment tolerate such a sore evil. To a man of sober inclinations, it must have been an intolerable nuisance to join a dinner party at many houses, where he knew he should have to witness the most disgusting excesses in others, and to fight hard to preserve himself from a compliance with the example of those around him. A friend of mine, lately departed, Mr. Boswell of Balmuto, found himself in this situation. Challenged by the host to drink, urged and almost forced to swallow a quantity of wine against his own inclination, he proposed a counter challenge in the way of eating, and made the following ludicrous

and original proposal to the company, that two or three legs of mutton should be prepared, and he would then contest the point of who could devour most meat; and certainly it seems as reasonable to compel people to *eat*, as to compel them to drink, beyond the natural cravings of nature.

The situation of ladies, too, must frequently have been very disagreeable, when, for instance, gentlemen came up stairs in a condition most unfit for female society. Indeed they were often compelled to fly from scenes in the house most unfitting for them to witness. They were expected to get out of the way at the proper time, or when a hint was given them to do so. At Glasgow, forty years ago, when the time had come for the *bowl* to be introduced, some jovial and thirsty member of the company proposed as a toast, "The trade of Glasgow and *the outward bound;*" the hint was taken, and silks and satins moved off to the drawing-room.

Reference is made at page 26 to Lord Hermand's opinion of drinking, and of the high estimation in which he held it, according to the testimony of Lord Cockburn. There is a remarkable corroboration of this opinion in a current anecdote which is traditionary regarding the learned judge. A case of some great offence was tried before him, and the counsel pleaded extenuation for his client in that he was

drunk when he committed the offence. "Drunk!" exclaimed Lord Hermand, in great indignation; "if he could do such a thing when he was drunk, what might he not have done when he was *sober!*" evidently implying that the normal condition of human nature, and its most hopeful one, was a condition of intoxication.

Of the prevalence of hard drinking in certain houses, a remarkable proof is given at page 34. The following is a capital anecdote for the subject, and corresponds exactly with the story of the "loosing the cravats," which was performed for guests in a state of helpless inebriety by one of the household. There had been a carousing party at Colonel Grant's, the late Lord Seafield, and as the evening advanced towards morning, two Highlanders were in attendance to carry the guests up stairs, it being understood that none could by any other means arrive at their sleeping apartments. One or two of the guests, however, whether from their abstinence or their superior strength of head, were walking up stairs, and declined the proffered assistance. The attendants were utterly astonished, and indignantly exclaimed, "Aigh, it's sare cheenged times at Castle Grant, when gentlemens can gang to bed on their ain feet."

No feature of this intemperance was more

revolting than its introduction at funeral solemnities. Examples of this abominable practice have already been given in the Reminiscences. I am assured of the truth of the following anecdote, by a son of the gentleman who acted as chief mourner on the occasion:—About seventy years ago, an old maiden lady died in Strathspey. Just previous to her death, she sent for her grand-nephew, and said to him, "Willy, I'm deeing, and as ye'll hae the charge o' a' I *have*, MIND that as much whisky is to be used at my funeral as there was at my baptism." Willy neglected to ask the old lady what the quantity of whisky used at the baptism was, but when the day of the funeral arrived, believed her orders would be best fulfilled by allowing each guest to drink as much as he pleased. The churchyard where the body was to be deposited was about ten miles distant from where the death occurred. It was a short day in November, and when the funeral party came to the churchyard, the shades of night had considerably closed in. The grave-digger, whose patience had been exhausted in waiting, was not in the least willing to accept of Captain G——'s (the chief mourner) apology for delay. After looking about him, he put the anxious question, "But, Captain, whaur's Miss Ketty?" The reply was, "In her coffin, to be sure, and get it into

the earth as fast as you can." There, however, was no coffin; the procession had sojourned at a country inn by the way—had rested the body on a dyke—started without it—and had to postpone the interment until next day. My correspondent very justly adds the remark, What would be thought of indulgence in drinking habits now that could lead to such a result?

There was a practice in many Scottish houses which acted most injuriously upon the national tendency to spirit drinking, and that was a foolish and inconsiderate custom of offering a glass on all occasions as a mark of kindness or hospitality. I mention the custom only for the purpose of offering a remonstrance. It should never be done. Even now, I am assured, small jobs (carpenter's or blacksmith's, or such like) are constantly remunerated in the West Highlands of Scotland—and doubtless in many other parts of the country—not by a pecuniary payment, but by a *dram;* if the said dram be taken from a *speerit*-decanter out of the family press or cupboard, the compliment is esteemed the greater, and the offering doubly valued.

A very amusing dialogue between a landlord and his tenant on this unfortunate question of the dram. John Colquhoun, an aged Dumbartonshire tenant, is asked by the Laird of C. on Loch

Lomond side, his landlord, to stay a minute till he *tastes*. "Now, John," says the Laird. "Only half a glass, Camstraddale," meekly pleads John. "Which half?" rejoins the Laird, "the upper or the lower?" John grins, and turns off *both*—the *upper* and *lower* too.

There is a most whimsical anecdote connected with the subject of drink, traditionary in the west of Scotland, regarding an old Gallowegian lady, disclaiming more drink, under the following circumstances:—The old generation of Galloway lairds were a primitive and hospitable race, but their conviviality sometimes led to awkward occurrences. In former days, when roads were bad, and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper party, with his lady mounted behind him on horseback. On crossing the river Urr, at a ford at a point where it joins the sea, the old lady dropped off, but was not missed till her husband reached his door, when, of course, there was an immediate search made. The party who were despatched in quest of her, arrived just in time to find her remonstrating with the advancing tide, which trickled into her mouth, in these words, "No anither drap; neither het nor cauld."

I would now introduce, as a perfect illustration of this portion of our subject, two descriptions of

clergymen, well-known men in their day, which are taken from Dr. Carlyle's work, already referred to. Of Dr. Alexander Webster, a clergyman, and one of his cotemporaries, he writes thus —" Webster, leader of the high-flying party, had justly obtained much respect amongst the clergy, and all ranks indeed, for having established the Widows' Fund. . . . His appearance of great strictness in religion, to which he was bred under his father, who was a very popular minister of the Tolbooth Church, not acting in restraint of his convivial humour, he was held to be excellent company even by those of dissolute manners. While being a five-bottle man, he could lay them all under the table. This had brought on him the nickname of Dr. Bonum Magnum in the time of faction. But never being indecently the worse of liquor, and a love of claret, to any degree, not being reckoned in those days a sin in Scotland, all his excesses were pardoned."

Dr. Patrick Cumming also, a clergyman, and a cotemporary, he describes in the following terms :— " Dr. Patrick Cumming was, at this time, 1751, at the head of the moderate interest, and had his temper been equal to his talents, might have kept it long, for he had both learning and sagacity, and very agreeable conversation, *with a constitution able to bear the conviviality of the times.*"

Now, of all the anecdotes and facts which I have collected, or of all which I have ever heard to illustrate the state of Scottish society in the past times, as regards its habits of intemperance, this assuredly surpasses them all. Of two well-known, distinguished, and leading clergymen in the middle of the eighteenth century, one who had "obtained much respect," and "had the appearance of great strictness in religion," is described as an enormous drinker of claret; the other, an able leader of a powerful section in the Church, is described as *owing* his influence to his power of meeting the conviviality of the times. Suppose for a moment a future biographer describing some of the leading Scottish clergymen of the present time. Suppose the following descriptions to occur in future memoirs:—"Dr. William Muir was a man who took a leading part in all church affairs at this time, and was much looked up to; he could always carry off without difficulty his five bottles of claret. Dr. Thomas Guthrie had great influence in society, and the General Assembly, as he could take his place in all companies, and drink on fair terms at the most convivial tables!!" Why, this seems to us so monstrous, that we can scarcely believe Dr. Carlyle's account of matters in his day to be possible.

There is a story which illustrates, with terrible force, the power which drinking had obtained in Scottish social life. I have been deterred from bringing it forward, as too shocking for production. But as the story is pretty well known, and its truth vouched for on high authority, I venture to give it, as affording a proof that, in those days, no consideration, not even the most awful that affects human nature, could be made to outweigh the claims of a determined conviviality. It may, I think, be mentioned also, in the way of warning men generally against the hardening and demoralizing effects of habitual drunkenness. The story is this:—At a prolonged drinking bout, one of the party remarked, "What gars the laird of Garskadden luk sae gash." [1] "Ou," says his neighbour, the Laird of Kilmardinny, "Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these twa hours; I saw him step awa, but I didna like to disturb gude company!" [2]

Before closing this subject of excess in *drinking*, I may refer to another indulgence in which our countrymen are generally supposed to partake more largely than their neighbours. I mean snuff-taking. The popular southern ideas of a Scotchman and

[1] Ghastly.

[2] The scene is described and place mentioned in Dr. Strang's account of Glasgow Clubs, p. 104, 2d edit.

his snuff-box are inseparable. Smoking does not appear to have been practised more in Scotland than in England, and if Scotchmen are sometimes intemperate in the use of snuff, it is certainly a more innocent excess than intemperance in whisky. I recollect, amongst the common people in the north, a mode of taking snuff which shewed a determination to make the *most* of it, and which indicated somewhat of intemperance in the enjoyment; this was to receive it, not through a pinch between the fingers, but through a quill or little bone ladle, which forced it up the nose. But besides smoking and snuffing, I have a reminiscence of a *third* use of tobacco, which I apprehend is now quite obsolete. Some of my readers will be surprised when I name this forgotten luxury. It was called *plugging*, and consisted (*horesco referrens*) in poking a piece of pig-tail tobacco right into the nostril. I remember this distinctly, and now, at a distance of sixty years, I recall my utter astonishment as a boy, at seeing my grand-uncle, with whom I lived in early days, put a thin piece of tobacco fairly up his nose. I suppose the plug acted as a continued stimulant on the olefactory nerve, and was, in short, like taking a perpetual pinch of snuff.

The inveterate snuff-taker, like the dram drinker, felt severely the being deprived of his accustomed

stimulant, as in the following instance:—A severe snow-storm in the Highlands, which lasted for several weeks, having stopped all communication betwixt neighbouring hamlets, snuff-takers were reduced to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging from all the neighbours within reach was resorted to, but this soon failed, and all were alike reduced to the extremity which unwillingly-abstinent snuffers alone know. The minister of the parish was amongst the unhappy number; the craving was so intense, that study was out of the question. As a last resort, the beadle was despatched, through the snow, to a neighbouring glen in the hope of getting a supply; but he came back as unsuccessful as he went. "What's to be dune, John?" was the minister's pathetic inquiry. John shook his head, as much as to say, that he could not tell; but immediately thereafter started up, as if a new idea had occurred to him. He came back in a few minutes, crying, "Hae." The minister, too eager to be scrutinizing, took a long, deep pinch, and then said, "Whar did you get it?" "I soupit[1] the poupit," was John's expressive reply. The minister's accumulated superfluous Sabbath snuff now came into good use.

[1] Swept.

CHAPTER III.

On the Old Scottish Domestic Servant.

ON the third division of our subject, the old Scottish Domestic Servant, I have not much to add. I suppose the race is nearly extinct. We could hardly believe it *possible* now, for a coachman to make the reply to his mistress which is recorded at page 48, or the still stronger assertion of his official position by one who met an order to quit his master's service by the cool reply, "Na, Na; I'm no ganging. If ye dinna ken whan ye've a good servant, I ken whan I've a gude place."

It has been suggested by my esteemed friend, Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, that Scottish anecdotes deal too exclusively with the shrewd, quaint, and pawky humour of our countrymen, and have not sufficiently illustrated the deep pathos and strong loving-kindness of the "kindly Scot,"—qualities

which, however little appreciated across the border, abound in Scottish poetry and Scottish life. For example, to take the case before us of these old retainers, although snappy and disagreeable to the last degree in their replies, and often most provoking in their ways, they were yet deeply and sincerely attached to the family where they had so long been domesticated; and the servant who would reply to her mistress' order to mend the fire by the short answer, "The fire's weel eneuch," would at the same time evince much interest in all that might assist her in sustaining the credit of her domestic economy, as, for example, whispering in her ear at dinner, "Press the jeellies; they winna keep;" and had the hour of real trial and of difficulty come to the family, would have gone to the death for them, and shared their greatest privations. Dr. Alexander gives a very interesting example of kindness and affectionate attachment in an old Scottish domestic of his own family, whose quaint and odd familiarity was charming. I give it in his own words:—"When I was a child, there was an old servant at Pinkieburn, where my early days were spent, who had been all her life, I may say, in the house, for she came to it a child, and lived without ever leaving it, till she died in it, seventy-five years of age. Her feeling to her old master, who was just two

years younger than herself, was a curious compound of the deference of a servant, and the familiarity and affection of a sister. She had known him as boy, lad, man, and old man, and she seemed to have a sort of notion, that without her he must be a very helpless being indeed. 'I aye keepit the house for him, whether he was hame or awa,' was a frequent utterance of hers; and she never seemed to think the intrusion even of his own nieces, who latterly lived with him, at all legitimate. On her deathbed, he hobbled to her room with difficulty, having just got over a severe attack of gout, to bid her farewell. I chanced to be present, but was too young to remember what passed, except one thing, which probably was rather recalled to me afterwards, than properly recollected by me. It was her last request. 'Laird,' said she (for so she always called him, though his lairdship was of the smallest), 'will ye tell them to bury me whaur I'll lie across at your feet.' I have always thought this characteristic of the old Scotch servant, and as such I send it to you."

And here I would introduce another story which struck me very forcibly as illustrating the union of the qualities referred to by Dr. Alexander. In the following narrative, how deep and tender a feeling is expressed in a brief dry sentence! I give Mr. Scott's

language[1]:—"My brother and I were, during our High School vacation, some forty years ago, very much indebted to the kindness of a clever young carpenter employed in the machinery workshop of New Lanark Mills, near to which we were residing during our six weeks' holidays. It was he—Samuel Shaw, our dear companion—who first taught us to saw, and to plane, and to turn, too; and who made us the bows and arrows in which we so much delighted. The vacation over, and our hearts very sore, but bound to Samuel Shaw for ever, our mother sought to place some *pecuniary* recompense in his hand at parting, for all the great kindness he had shewn her boys. Samuel looked in her face, and gently moving her hand aside, with an affectionate look cast upon us, who were by, exclaimed, in a tone which had sorrow in it, "Noo, Mrs. Scott, ye ha'e spoilt a'." After such an appeal, it may be supposed no recompense, in silver or in gold, remained with Samuel Shaw.

On the subject of the old Scottish domestic, I have to acknowledge a kind communication from Lord Kinloch, which I give in his Lordship's words:—"My father had been in the counting-house of the well-known David Dale, the founder of the Lanark Mills, and eminent for his benevolence. Mr. Dale,

[1] Rev. R. Scott of Cranwell.

who it would appear was a short stout man, had a person in his employment named Matthew, who was permitted that familiarity with his master which was so characteristic of the former generation. One winter day, Mr. Dale came into the counting-house, and complained that he had fallen on the ice. Matthew, who saw that his master was not much hurt, grinned a sarcastic smile. 'I fell all my length,' said Mr. Dale. 'Nae great length, sir,' said Matthew. 'Indeed, Matthew, ye need not laugh,' said Mr. Dale; 'I have hurt the sma' of my back.' 'I wunner whaur *that* is,' said Matthew." Indeed, specimens like Matthew of serving-men of the former time have latterly been fast going out, but I remember one or two specimens. Mrs. Grant of Kilgraston, the sister of Lord Bannatyne and Lady M'Gregor Murray, had one named John in her house at Portobello. I remember how my modern ideas were offended by John's familiarity when waiting at table. "Some more wine, John," said his mistress. "There's some i' the bottle, mem," said John. A little after, "Mend the fire, John." "The fire's weel aneuch, mem," replied the impracticable John. Another "John" of my acquaintance was in the family of Mrs. Campbell of Ardnave, mother of the Princess Polignac and the Honourable Mrs. Archibald Mac-

donald. A young lady visiting in the family asked John at dinner for a potato. John made no response. The request was repeated; when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said, very audibly, "There's jist twa in the dish, and they maun be keepit for the strangers."

The following was sent me by a kind correspondent—a learned Professor in India—as a sample of *squabbling* between Scottish servants. A mistress observing something peculiar in her maid's manner, addressed her, "Dear me, Tibbie, what are you so snappish about, that you go knocking the things as you dust them?" "Ou, mem, it's Jock." "Well; what has Jock been doing?" "Ou (with an indescribable, but easily imaginable toss of the head), he was angry at me, an' misca'd me, an' I said I was juist as the Lord had made me, an' ——." "Well, Tibbie?" "An' he said the Lord could ha' had little to do whan he made me." The idea of Tibbie's being the work of an idle moment, was one, the deliciousness of which was not likely to be relished by Tibbie.

There have been some very amusing instances given of the matter of fact obedience paid to orders by Highland retainers when made to perform the ordinary duties of domestic servants, as when Mr. Campbell, a Highland gentleman, visiting in a country

house, and telling Donald to bring everything out of the bed-room, found all its moveable articles, fender, fire-irons, etc., piled up in the lobby. So literal was the poor man's sense of obedience to orders! And of this, he gave a still more extraordinary proof during his sojourn in Edinburgh, by a very ludicrous exploit. When the family moved into a house there, Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining, that they were to be shewn into the drawing-room, and no doubt used the Scotticism, "*Carry* any ladies that call up stairs." On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to shew his strict attention to the mistress' orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, "Bide ye there 'till I come for ye," and, in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell's presence in this unwonted fashion.

Another case of *literal* obedience to orders, produced a somewhat startling form of message. A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions *always* to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought

this extraordinary message:—Miss S——'s compliments, and she de'ed last night at aicht o'clock!"

I recollect, in Montrose (that fruitful field for old Scottish stories!), a most naive reply from an honest lass, servant to old Mrs. *Captain* Fullerton. A party of gentlemen had dined with her, and they had a turkey for dinner. Mrs. F. proposed that one of the legs should be *deviled*, and the gentlemen have it served up as a relish for their wine. Accordingly, one of the company skilled in the mystery, prepared it with pepper, cayenne, mustard, ketchup, etc. He gave it to Lizzy, and told her to take it down to the kitchen, supposing, as a matter of course, she would know that it was to be broiled, and brought back in due time. But in a little while, when it was rung for, Lizzy very innocently replied, that she had ate it up. As it was sent back to the kitchen, her only idea was, that it must be for herself. But, on surprise being expressed that she had eaten what was so highly peppered and seasoned, she very quaintly answered, "Ou, I liket it a' the better."

A well-known servant of the old school, was John, the servant of Pitfour, Mr. Ferguson, M.P., himself a most eccentric character, long father of the House of Commons, and a great friend of Pitt. John used to entertain the tenants on Pit-

four's brief visits to his estate with numerous anecdotes of his master and Mr. Pitt; but he always prefaced them with something in the style of Cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et rex meus*, with "Me and Pitt, and Pitfour," went somewhere, or performed some exploit. The famous Duchess of Gordon once wrote a note to John (the name of this eccentric valet), and said, "John, put Pitfour into the carriage on Tuesday, and bring him up to Gordon Castle to dinner." After sufficiently scratching his head, and considering what he should do, he shewed the letter to Pitfour, who smiled, and said dryly, "Well, John, I suppose we must go."

An old domestic of this class gave a capital reason to his *young* master for his being allowed to do as he liked:—"Ye needna find faut wi' me, Maister Jeems, *I hae been langer about the place than yersel.*"

CHAPTER IV.

On Humour proceeding from Scottish Language, including Scottish Proverbs.

WE have now to enter upon the portion of our subject which in the "Reminiscences" has been named "Humour proceeding from Scottish Language, including Scottish Proverbs." I am quite aware that the difference between the anecdotes belonging to this division and to the division termed "Wit and Humour" is very indistinct, and must, in fact, in many cases, be quite arbitrary. Much of what we enjoy most in Scottish stories is not on account of any real wit or humour in the speaker, but, it may be, from the odd and unexpected view which is taken, or from the quaint and original turn of the expression made use of, or from the simple and matter of fact reference made to circumstances which are new to

them. I shall not, therefore, be careful to preserve any strict line of separation between this division and the next. Each is conversant with what is amusing and with what is Scotch. What we have now chiefly to illustrate by suitable anecdotes is peculiarities of Scottish language—its various humorous turns and odd expressions.

We commence, therefore, with stories where words and expressions which are peculiarly Scotch impart the humour and the point. Sometimes they are altogether untranslatable into another language. As for example, a parishioner in an Ayrshire village meeting his pastor, who had just returned after a considerable absence on account of ill health, congratulated him on his convalescence, and added, anticipatory of the pleasure he would have in hearing him again, "I'm unco yuckie to hear a blaud o' yer gab." This is an untranslatable form of saying how glad he should be to hear his minister's voice again speaking to him the words of salvation and of peace from the pulpit.

The two following are good examples of that Scottish style of expression which has its own character. They are kindly sent by Sir Archibald Dunbar. The first illustrates Scottish acute discernment. A certain titled lady is known around our county town for her long-continued and exten-

sive charities, which are not withheld from those who least deserve them. A few years since, by the unexpected death of her brother and of his only son, she became possessor of a fine estate. The news soon spread in the neighbourhood, and a group of old women were overheard in the street of Elgin discussing the fact. One of them said, "Aye, she may prosper, for she has baith the prayers of the good and of the bad."

The second anecdote is a delightful illustration of Mrs. Hamilton's "Cottagers of Glenburnie," and of the old-fashioned Scottish pride in the midden. About twenty years ago, under the apprehension of cholera, committees of the most influential inhabitants of the county of Moray were formed to enforce a more complete cleansing of our towns and villages, and to induce the cottagers to remove their dunghills or dung-pits from too close a proximity to their doors or windows. One determined woman, on the outskirts of the town of Forres, I suppose with her future potato crop in view, met our M.P., who headed one of these committees, thus, "Noo, Major, you may tak our lives, but ye'll no tak our midden."

The equivoke of the Edinburgh Provost telling the House of Lords, in his evidence, of guns fitted for shooting deuks and sic like fools, supplied the

material for a poor woman's honest compliment to a benevolent Scottish nobleman. John, Duke of Roxburghe, was one day out riding, and at the gate of Floors he was accosted by an importunate old beggar woman. He gave her half-a-crown, which pleased her so much that she exclaimed, "God bless your *guse*-like face, for a Deuk's no gude eneuch for ye."

There is something quite inimitable in the matter-of-factness of the following story of an advertisement, which may tend to illustrate the Antiquary's remark to Mrs. M'Candlish, anent the starting of the coach or fly to Queensferry. A carrier, who plied his trade between Aberdeen and a village considerably to the north of it, was asked by one of the villagers, "Fan are ye gaun to the town" (Aberdeen)? To which he replied, "I'll be in on Monanday, God willin' an' weather permittin', an' on Tiseday, *fither or no*."

There could not be a better anecdote to accompany the story of the young man that was "a' soun," than the following, supplied by a kind lady correspondent. Towards the end of the last century, an ancestor of mine, the Rev. Mr. B——, minister of the parish of Abercorn, on a Sunday, when he had occasion to be absent, confided his pulpit to a young probationer, who fired off one of those flash sermons

we have all listened to, missing every aim but the only too evident one of ministering to the vanity of the speaker. Strutting out in the evening with one of the young ladies of the family, the flush and elation of his morning's performance still unsubsided, and chancing to pass a cottage from whence proceeded the sounds of evening devotion, he eagerly drew near to listen. "It would be so curious," he said, "to hear what these simple uneducated people had to say." A voice, tremulous with age, was pouring forth one of those fervent prayers so frequently to be heard among our pious peasantry, one which might have been uttered by some David Deans on the hill-side. Somewhat solemnized, and in evident wonder, the young preacher listened attentively, till, from general supplication, the old man came to particulars, and besought God to have mercy on "the poor parish of Abercorn, for they had been fed out o' a toom spoon that day." The young man shrunk away, having heard rather too much of what such people say.

Amongst many of the sayings by Mr. Shirra, page 196, I have the following from a kind correspondent, with assurance of its being genuine:— "Mr. Shirra having, on a certain occasion, felt somewhat indisposed towards the end of the week, re-

solved to avail himself of the services of a young probationer for both diets of worship on the ensuing Sunday. This young man gave promise of becoming a fair preacher, but affected great refinement in style and delivery. Mr. Shirra attended the forenoon service, which was conducted pretty much to his satisfaction, except in one particular. In the prayer after sermon, the preacher put up, as usual, a petition for a blessing on Mr. Shirra and his ministry, but, in doing so, was unlucky enough to make some rather pointed allusions to Mr. Shirra's habit of plain speaking, and peculiarities in manner. This fired the worthy divine, who resolved at once to be 'upsides' with the finical gentleman. He accordingly intimated to the preacher, that he felt himself well enough to undertake the afternoon duty, and would therefore officiate. He did so; and thus obtained an opportunity of giving a Roland for an Oliver. The young preacher, who was present in Mr. Shirra's pew, was prayed for as a promising labourer in the vineyard, but withal, as much in need of a thorough handling in regard to style and manner, the *modus operandi* in reference to which being suggested in the following petition, delivered with great fervour:—'But oh, please tak a brog,[1] and prod him weel, and let the wind out o' him.'"

[1] An awl or sharp pointed instrument.

The Rev. Dr. Cook of Haddington supplies an excellent anecdote, of which the point is in the dry Scottish answer:—An old lady of the Doctor's acquaintance, about seventy, sent for her medical attendant to consult him about a sore throat, which had troubled her for some days. Her medical man was ushered into her room, decked out with the now-prevailing fashion, a mustache and flowing beard. The old lady, after exchanging the usual civilities, described her complaint to the worthy son of Æsculapius. "Well," says he, "do you know, Mrs. Macfarlane, I used to be much troubled with the very same kind of sore throat, but ever since I allowed my mustache and beard to grow, I have never been troubled with it." "A-weel, a-weel," said the old lady drily, "that may be the case, but ye maun prescribe some other method for me to get quit o' the sair throat; for ye ken, doctor, I canna adopt *that* cure."

But how exquisite the answer of old Mrs. Robison (widow of the eminent professsor of natural philosophy) to a gentleman whom she had invited to dinner on a particular day—he had accepted, with the reservation, "if I am spared"—"Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robison, "if ye're dead, I'll no expect ye."

How pithy and how wise, and also how Scotch is the following.

A young lady, pressed by friends to marry a decent, but poor man, on the plea, "Marry for love, and work for siller," replied, "It's a' vera true, but a kiss and a tinniefu[1] o' cauld water maks a gey wersh[2] breakfast."

Could there be a happier metaphor for the occasion than this:—An old lady in Banffshire, hearing a minister of the Established Church preach, who hesitated much in the delivery of his pulpit discourses, remarked to a friend afterwards, that his delivery was just like "an ill rinnin trackie," meaning thereby, when tea does not run freely from one of the brown tea-pots so generally in use in the north of Scotland.

It is curious to contrast the expressions of English or Irish people with those uttered by Scotch people under similar circumstances. For example:—Along side of the anecdotes of the Scotch servants, "Cry a' the gither" (at page 54), I would place, though it be inferior, that of an Irish Roscommon "Tay-boy," who, in the course of his waiting at the tea-table, when subjected to too many calls upon his attendance by the *Leedies*

[1] Tinnie, the small porringer of children. [2] Insipid.

present, at last, losing patience entirely, exclaimed in despair, "Och, and ye bother me."

The two following derive their force entirely from the Scottish turn of the expressions. Translated into English, they would lose all point,—at least, much of the point which they now have.

At the sale of an antiquarian gentleman's effects in Roxburghshire, which Sir Walter Scott happened to attend, there was one little article, a Roman *patina*, which occasioned a good deal of competition, and was eventually knocked down to the distinguished baronet at a high price. Sir Walter was excessively amused during the time of bidding, to observe how much it excited the astonishment of an old woman, who had evidently come there to buy culinary utensils on a more economical principle. "If the parritch-pan," she at last burst out—"if the parritch-pan gangs at that, what will the kail-pat gang for?"

An ancestor of Sir Walter Scott joined the Pretender, and, with his brother, was engaged in that unfortunate adventure which ended in a skirmish and captivity at Preston, 1715. It was the fashion of those times for all persons of the rank of gentlemen to wear scarlet waistcoasts. A ball had struck one of the brothers, and carried part of this dress into his body, and in this condition he was

taken prisoner with a number of his companions, and stript, as was too often the practice in those remorseless wars. Thus wounded, and nearly naked, having only a shirt on, and an old sack about them, the ancestor of the great Poet was sitting, along with his brother and a hundred and fifty unfortunate gentlemen, in a granary at Preston. The wounded man fell sick, as the story goes, and vomited the scarlet cloth which the ball had passed into the wound. "O man, Wattie," cried his brother, "if you have a wardrobe in your wame, I wish you would vomit me a pair o' breeks, for I have muckle need o' them."

There is an anecdote told of the late Dr. Barclay, the eminent physician, which is inimitable for its *pawkiness*. Dr. Barclay originally studied for the church, and was indeed licensed as a preacher. His discourses took the peculiar impress of his mind. The mother of my informant once heard him preach in the Kirk of Muthill, his native parish. His subject was the character of Absalom, and, after dwelling on the enormity of his paricidal rebellion against his father, he concluded, "But let us draw a veil over a character marked by so many crimes—yet did the virgins of Israel lament him, for he was comely in person!"

An amusing example of quaint Scottish language

being employed in a private journal. Many years ago, when the minister of a neighbouring parish died, a committee of the presbytery was appointed, probably with the approbation of his relatives, to examine his papers, and destroy what were deemed useless. It is narrated that one of the entries in the reverend gentleman's journal was as follows :— "Eat crappit heads[1] for supper last night, and was the *waur* o't; see when I'll do the like o' that again."

I have, at page 107, mentioned Lord Polkemmet, as affording specimens of strong original Scotch. We are furnished with another specimen. Our informant heard the following anecdote of him from the late Lord Mackenzie, on one of those delightful Circuit expeditions, when Lord Mackenzie was accustomed to pour out of his well-stored and ingenious mind an inexhaustible flow of humour and anecdote.

The late James Fergusson, Clerk of Session, a most genial and amiable man, of whose periodical fits of absence most edifying stories are still repeated by his friends, was an excellent and eloquent speaker, but, in truth, there was often more sound than matter in his orations. He had a habit of

[1] A compound made of oatmeal, suet, onions, and pepper, with which the heads of haddocks are stuffed.

lending emphasis to his arguments, by violently beating with his clenched hand the bar before which he pleaded. Once when stating a case to Lord Polkemmet, with great energy of action, his lordship interposed, and exclaimed, "Maister Jemmy, dinna dunt; ye think ye're duntin't into me, and ye're just duntin't oot o' me."

Harry Erskine, the witty and accomplished Dean of Faculty, in one of his luminous addresses from the bar, illustrated his argument by a humorous story, which excited the risible faculties of the whole *feifteen*, save one, viz., Lord Polkemmet, who made no remark, and was observed to be graver than before. The Court adjourned till next day, when a fresh case was taken up. The Dean was stating it, when all at once, to the astonishment of the audience, Lord Polkemmet exclaimed, "Oh, Hairy, man; Hairy, man, I hae ye noo; I hae ye noo." He had been pondering over the Dean's joke for twenty-four hours, and it had at last dawned on his sluggish mind. He had probably let it wamble in his wame along with his interlocutor and his toddy.

In the "Reminiscences" are several anecdotes of lairds, drunk and sober, with their sayings. I may mention, in further illustration of the habits and character of our landed proprietors, that some of

these old lairds were remarkable for their taciturnity. A former laird of Brotherton was of this description, and was on all occasions a man of few words. He had a favourite tame goose, and for hours together Brotherton and his silent companion sat by the fireside opposite to each other. On one occasion a candidate for the representation of the county in Parliament called upon him to solicit his vote, and urged his request with much eloquence and voluble discourse; to all which the laird replied only by nods and smiles, without saying a word. When, however, the candidate was gone, he looked across to his goose, and emphatically remarked, "I'm thinking yon windy chiel 'll no tell muckle that you and I said till him."

As another instance of laconic jocund speaking, take the following:—Old Pringle of Torwoodlee, on some occasion, had a dinner given in his honour, after which was to be presented to him a silver cup. The gentleman fixed on to make an appropriate speech and present the cup, got up, and pushing it across the table towards him, said, "Torwoodlee, there's your jug." Torwoodlee rose and responded, "Gentlemen, I thenk ye for the mug," and sat down again, satisfied with his eloquence.

I have noticed as a prevalent feeling in Scotchmen advanced in life being particularly jealous of

assistance from younger persons. I recollect the Hon. General Gordon of Fyvie, when near ninety, drawing away, with great indignation, at any one helping him into his carriage, putting on his great-coat, etc. A correspondent notices a similar instance. Our old *Iron Duke*, it was said, could not bear to be assisted, even in his latest years, by the arm or the hand of any one. Of a piece with this feeling of the aged soldier was the rebuke which an old octogenarian clergyman in the west of Scotland administered to his grand-daughter, offering herself as his guide and support. I introduce the anecdote for the exquisite application of the Scotch word expressing her officious attention. When tottering from age and feebleness he went forth to take one of his last walks, "What!" he testily exclaimed, "are ye comin' after me? I don't like, I tell you, to be so *herded!!*"

We have frequent reference in Scottish anecdotes to the vast importance which civic dignitaries of towns attach to their municipal office. The wife of the Provost of Aberdeen, when in London, was unwilling to appear in public lest her presence should "creat a confeesion." (See page 106.) A denizen of the good city of St. Andrews, long desirous of being elected deacon of his craft, after many years of scheming and bowing, at last attained

the acme of his ambition, and while the oaths of office were being administered to him, a number of waggish friends waited outside to "trot him out," but the sequel convinced them this was unnecessary. On emerging from the City Hall, with thumbs stuck in the armlets of his vest, with head erect, and solemn step, he approached his friends, lifting up his voice and saying, "Now, billies, supposing I'm a deacon, mind I can be spoken to at ony time."

A very good sample of the odd and original betheral is preserved in the traditions of Dunfermline, a very characteristic saying of whom has been communicated by a kind correspondent from that ancient burgh town. Sandy M'Lauchlan discharged the duties of betheral, kirk-officer, and bellman. He was a little man, with sharp brown eyes and a mouth expressive of fun. One day the minister, Mr. Johnstone, was on his way down from the manse to the High Street, after breakfast, as was his wont, to get his letters at the post-office, and see the only newspaper which then came to enlighten the inhabitants with news of public and foreign affairs. Observing Sandy slinking along the opposite side of the cross, as if to avoid a meeting, Mr. Johnstone called out in his fine sonorous voice, "Saunders, I wish to speak to you." With some

reluctance, Sandy came slowly forward, lifting his bonnet and pulling his forelock After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked, "Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting' (taking a glass) this morning." "'Deed, sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes,—"'Deed, sir, I was just ga'en to observe I thocht there was a smell o' speerits *amang us* this mornin'!"

The *conceit* of betherals has been often reverted to (see page 188), but I think the richest specimen of such conceit is the following:—A functionary of the genuine Scottish type in the west used to say, when inquired after by his friends, "Weel, I am just in the pulpit ilka Sabbath as usual." On some one inquiring at him if he could recommend anybody to the sexton's office in a neighbouring church, "What's your wull?" says James. "Do you know a decent man we could get for a beadle?" "Na, na; if it were a minister or an elder body, I could name plenty, but to get a man for such an office as that I canna pretend."

I have already spoken of the inveterate tendency in Scotch people to mark position by reference to points of the compass. (See at pages 67 and 68.) To the Rev. R. A. Scott, vicar of Cranwell, I am

indebted (as for other favours) for a very humorous illustration of the same subject. At a billiard-room in Stirling (an unlikely place to find such a source of recreation some forty years ago), one of the yeomanry cavalry then in the town, a half-Highland private in the corps from the shores of Loch of Menteith, was heard instructing a comrade, whom he was indoctrinating in the science of the ivory balls, to "streik the red ba' on the north-wast side, and ye would pockat it."

I have spoken at page 103 of dialects, and of the difference of the Aberdeen when contrasted with Forfar dialect. But how much greater must be that difference when contrasted with the *ore rotundo* language of an English southern dignitary. Such a one being present at a school examination in Aberdeen wished to put some questions on Scripture history himself, and asked an intelligent boy, "What was the ultimate fate of Pharaoh?" This the boy not understanding, the master put the same question Aberdonice, "Jemmy, fat was the hinner end o' Pharaoh," which called forth the ready reply, "He was drouned i' the Red Sea."

The following may be added to the list of Scottish expressions derived from French language. I have a distinct recollection of hearing, when a child, more than sixty years ago, the dairymaids

at Fasque calling to the cow, "Prutchee, mou; prutchee, madame." This invocation, it seems, is common in Nithsdale, and is simply a corruption of the French, "Approchez moi; approchez, madame;" ("Come near me; come, my lady.") Again, the large clasp-knife, common a century ago, such as sailors use, or larger, was in my remembrance called a Jockteleg. It derived this name from its maker, as they were all made by *Jaques* de Liege.

In connection with this division of our subject, the present seems to be a proper place for introducing the mention of a Scottish peculiarity, viz., that of naming individuals from lands which have been possessed long by the family, or frequently from the landed estates which they acquire. The use of this mode of discriminating individuals in the Highland districts is sufficiently obvious. Where the inhabitants of a whole countryside are Campbells, or Frasers, or Gordons, nothing could be more convenient than addressing the individuals of each clan by the name of his estate. Indeed, some years ago, any other designation, as Mr. Campbell, Mr. Fraser, would have been resented as an indignity. Their consequence sprung from their possession.[1] But all this is fast wearing away. The estates of old

[1] Even in Forfarshire, where Carnegies abound, we had Craigo, Balnamoon, Pittarrow, etc.

families have often changed hands, and Highlanders are most unwilling to give the names of old properties to new proprietors. The custom, however, lingers amongst us, in the northern districts especially. Farms also used to give their names to the tenants.[1] I can recall an amusing instance of this practice belonging to my early days. The oldest recollections I have are connected with the name, the figure, the sayings and doings, of the old cowherd at Fasque in my father's time; his name was Boggy, *i. e.*, his ordinary appellation; his true name was Sandy Anderson. But he was called Boggy from the circumstance of having once held a wretched farm on Deeside named Boggendreep. He had long left it, and been unfortunate in it, but the name never left him,—he was Boggy to his grave. The territorial appellation used to be reckoned complimentary, and more respectful than Mr., or any higher title to which the individual might be entitled. I recollect, in my brother's time, at Fasque, his shewing off some of his home stock to Mr. Williamson, the great Aberdeen butcher. They came to a fine stot, and Sir Alexander said, with some appearance of boast, "I was offered twenty guineas for that ox."

[1] This custom is still in use in Galloway, and 'Challoch,' Eschonchan, 'Tonderghie,' Balsalloch, and Drummorral, etc., etc., appear regularly at kirk and market.

"Indeed Fasque," said Williamson, "ye shud hae steekit your neive upo' that."

Sir Walter Scott had marked in his diary a territorial greeting of two proprietors which had amused him much. The laird of Kilspindie had met the laird of Tannachy-Tulloch, and the following compliments passed between them :—"Ye're maist obedient hummil servant, Tannachy-Tulloch." To which the reply was, "Your nain man, Kilspindie."

In proportion as we advance towards the Highland districts this custom of distinguishing clans or races, and marking them out according to the district they occupied, became more apparent. There was the Glengary country, the Fraser country, the Gordon country, etc., etc. These names carried also with them certain moral features as characteristic of each division. Hence the following anecdote : —The morning litany of an old laird of Cultoquhay, when he took his morning draught at the cauld well was in these terms—"Frae the ire o' the Drummonds, the pride o' the Græmes, the greed o' the Campbells, and the wind o' the Murrays, guid Lord deliver us." On being reproved by the Duke of Athole for taking such liberties with noble names, his answer was—"There, my lord, there's the wind o' the Murrays !"

Proverbs.

Under this head of language and dialect I have devoted a considerable space in the Reminiscences to our Scottish proverbs and proverbial expressions. I felt much disposed to reopen the question, and from Fergusson and others to bring forward another series of these interesting and popular abstracts of humour and philosophy, but the attempt would occupy more time and attention than I can give at present. I would rather now recall some sententious or proverbial modes of expression which I recollect commonly used in society amongst a generation now nearly all passed away; and in this recollection let me here acknowledge the valuable assistance I have received from a communication on the subject from a true-hearted Scotsman, Mr. T. Stephen,[1] who will recognize his own language in describing those old forms of Scottish proverbial expressions. Take the following examples :—

"Corbies winna pike out corbies een," imply that persons of the same profession, or interested in the same objects, will not act to each other's disadvantage.

"Like a hen on a het girdle" is an expressive

[1] Author of History of the Church of Scotland, 4 vols., and other excellent works.

figure for describing the fidgety and eccentric gyrations of a tiresome person under excitement.

When anything disappears in a silent imperceptible manner, applied often to the gradual decline of human life, or the secret wasteful expenditure of a fortune, how expressive that very Scottish simile for its passing for ever "like snaw aff a dike."

When a person does anything that is contrary to his habits or disposition, it is common in Aberdeenshire to say, "I wish the bodie be na fey;" that is, that this unwonted act may not be a prelude to his death.

In that same county, it is a common saying to accept cold liquor with an intimation that "It's a cauld heart that canna warm its ain drink;" and to say, at any clever hit or repartee, "That's het."

"Ill-fa'ard," or "weel-fa'ard," means an ill or well favoured or looking person.

"Hirsle yont," means go farther on.

"No that gleg i' the uptack," means not absolute deafness, but not hearing quite distinctly; and is indeed often applied to the understanding also.

A common question in Aberdeen is, "Fa fuppit the lawdy?" varied sometimes by "Fa skuggit the lawdy?" that is, whipt or flogged the boy, meaning, who was his early instructor.

To "taigle" is to hinder or delay.

"To pit owre a bit prayer."

"It is cannier to fleech (or flatter) a fool than to fecht him."

Mr. Stephen mentions a sly sententious expression of his father to imply his disbelief—"If a' tales be true that's nae lee." His account of his grandmother certainly entitles her to rank amongst our vigorous old Scottish ladies.

It is a common saying in Aberdeenshire, when one refuses to go anywhere or farther, "Deil a length o' my tae;" and when my grandmother—a woman who brought a son into the world who is living in it yet, after she was *fifty-six* years of age—when she was determined not to do any thing that was urged upon her, "I wonna be obstinate, but I wonna do't."

It is said, that in those days when travelling was neither so easy nor so expeditious as it is at present, an Aberdeen bailie went to London on business, and remained there some weeks. On his return his friends congratulated him on his appearance of having lived well in his absence. His reply was an expression of surprise; for, said he, "Deil a speen was i' ma mou' a' the time I was awa." His meaning was that he had had no broth or soup during his stay in London, only solid meat.

But that same bailie had been either a humorist,

or had shot into the marvellous with a long bow. He exercised his ingenuity in describing his visit to the king [George III.]. He said he had been invited to the palace to tea, and the queen requiring to fill up the teapot, the bailie rose to assist her Majesty, when the king interposed by saying—"O never mind, bailie; Charlotte aye helps hersel to the kettle!"

Local circumstances often supply proverbial expressions which have a use and circulation almost exclusively provincial, as for example:—There is a common phrase in Galloway, where there are a great many sharing in anything, and in consequence it is rapidly diminishing—"It's like Cun and the haggis; it's gaan gear,"—the origin of which I believe to be as follows:—A farmer, noted for the penuriousness of his disposition, had employed a servant or two to assist him in his agricultural operations. The name of the farm was abbreviated into "Cun," and, according to the usage in that locality, the farmer himself acquired the same designation. One day a haggis had been prepared for dinner, and Cun, afraid that they would eat too much, cautioned the servants at the outset that they would need to eat sparingly, or the haggis would spoil their stomach. The dish was placed in the centre, and each provided with a spoon, they began to discuss its con-

tents. After partaking of a little, Cun laid down his spoon as a reminder, but the others seemed to have forgot his admonition. As a last resource, he prepared to return thanks, thinking that that might be a sufficient hint, but to no purpose. At last, seizing up his spoon, he exclaimed, "It's gaan gear, boys, I'll tak' a spunefu' yet," and so ate on till the haggis disappeared. Expressions and words such as these used to be far more mixed up with general Scottish language than they are at present. I remember such quite common in society, especially with elderly persons. They are all now fast becoming obsolete, and will soon be heard only amongst the lower ranks.

Much has been said of the old Scottish ladies of the former generation. Their originality, their peculiar mental development, and social habits, are well described by Lord Cockburn in his memoirs. Indeed, the portion allotted to them is perhaps the most striking and the most powerful of his book. He describes a phase of character now all but extinct. A renewed mention of them properly comes under this head, because no doubt the peculiarity of their character was closely allied with their peculiarity of *language*.

A great confusion existed in the mind of some of those old-fashioned ladies on the subject of

modern inventions and usages. A Montrose old lady protested against the use of steam vessels, as counteracting the decrees of Providence in going against wind and tide, vehemently asserting, "I would *hae* naething to say to thae impious vessels." Another lady was equally discomposed by the introduction of gas, asking with much earnestness, "What's to become o' the puir whales?" deeming their interests materially affected by this superseding of their oil. A lady of this class, who had long lived in country retirement, coming up to Edinburgh, was, after an absence of many years, going along Princes Street about the time when the water carts were introduced for preventing the dust, and seeing one of them passing, rushed from off the pavement to the driver, saying, "Man, ye're *skailing* a' the water." Such being her ignorance of modern improvements.

There is a point and originality in the expressions on common matters of the old Scottish ladies, unlike what one finds now; for example, a country minister had been invited, with his wife, to dine and spend the night at the house of one of his lairds. Their host was very proud of one of the very large beds which had just come into fashion, and in the morning asked the lady how she had slept in it. "O vary weel, sir; but, indeed, I thought I'd lost the minister a' thegither."

Nothing, however, in my opinion comes up to the originality and point of the Montrose old maiden lady's most "exquisite reason" for not subscribing to the proposed fund for organizing a volunteer corps in that town. It was at the time of expected invasion at the beginning of the century, and some of the town magistrates called upon her and solicited her subscription to raise men for the service of the king—"Indeed," she answered right sturdily, "I'll doe nae sic thing; I never could raise a man *for mysel*, and I'm no gaen to raise men for King George."

Some curious stories are told of ladies of this class, as connected with the novelties and excitement of railway travelling. Missing their luggage, or finding that something has gone wrong about it, often causes very terrible distress, and might be amusing, were it not to the sufferer so severe a calamity. I was much entertained with the earnestness of this feeling, and the expression of it from an old Scotch lady, whose box was not forthcoming at the station where she was to stop. When urged to be patient, her indignant exclamation was, "I can bear ony pairtings that may be ca'ed for in God's Providence; but I canna stan' pairting frae ma claes."

The following anecdote from the west, exhibits a curious confusion of ideas arising from the old-

fashioned prejudice against Frenchmen and their language, which existed in the last generation. During the long French war, two old ladies in Stranraer were going to the kirk, the one said to the other, "Was it no a wonderful thing that the Breetish were aye victorious over the French in battle." "Not a bit," said the other old lady, "dinna ye ken the Breetish aye say their prayers before ga'in into battle." The other replied, "But canna the French say their prayers as weel." The reply was most characteristic, "Hoot! jabbering bodies, wha could *understan'* them."

Of old ladies of this class, much has been said of Miss Johnstone, of whom the anecdote at p. 76 is recorded, and whom persons still alive remember. She was remarkable for the freedom of her expressions on religious subjects, and for her plain-spoken honesty, which scorned to express any sentiments she did not feel. Of this she gave a striking proof in her answer to her niece, Mrs. Wauchope of Niddrie. Poor Mrs. Wauchope, when very ill, sent for "Aunt Soph," and said to her, "Soph, I believe I am dying, will you always be kind to my children when I am gone." "Na, na; tak y'r spoilt deevils wi' ye," was the reply, "for I'll hae naething ado wi' them." Having introduced the mention of this

lady, I would add some further particulars which have been recorded of her.

Of all the eccentric and original Scottish old ladies of whom any one of the present generation has any reminiscences, whether maids or matrons, I suppose none was more eccentric or more original than Miss Sophia Johnstone of Hilton, usually known to her cotemporaries by the name of Soph Johnstone. Her natural turn for oddity was heightened by her strange bringing up. Her father, Mr. Johnstone of Hilton, for some strange whim in which he was seconded by Mrs. Johnstone, gave her no education whatever. She is thus described by Lord Cockburn in the Memorials of his Time: "Possessed of great natural vigour of mind, she passed her youth in utter rusticity; in the course of which, however, she made herself a good carpenter and a good smith, arts which she practised occasionally, even to the shoeing of a horse, I believe, till after the middle of her life. It was not till after she became a woman, that she taught herself to read and write; and then she read incessantly. She must have been about *sixty* before I ever saw her, which was chiefly, and often at Niddrie. Her dress was always the same—a man's hat when out of doors, and generally when within them, a cloth covering exactly like a man's great-coat, buttoned

closely from the chin to the ground, worsted stockings, strong shoes with large brass clasps. And in this raiment she sat in any drawing-room, and at any table, amidst all the fashion and aristocracy of the land, respected and liked. For her dispositions were excellent, her talk intelligent and racy, rich, both in old anecdote, and in shrewd modern observation, and spiced with a good deal of plain sarcasm; her understanding powerful; all her opinions free, and very freely expressed; and neither loneliness, nor very slender means, ever brought sourness or melancholy to her face or her heart."

Soph was grand-aunt to Mrs. Spottiswoode of Spottiswoode, and many stories of their eccentric relative are traditionary in the family. I am afraid her strange way of bringing up was not favourable to her religious opinions. Lady Anne Barnard affirms that she lived and died an unbeliever. This is saying too much. She was (as in everything else) eccentric in her religious opinions, and much given to dispute with clergymen who undertook to reason with her. I could not properly record here some of her wildest theological statements, though with her, as with many others of her cotemporaries, it is difficult to form a fair judgment of their opinions from their mere expression, which must not be taken quite literally. There is no doubt truth, to a

certain extent, in Lord Cockburn's apology for those originals, and we must estimate their characters accordingly.

"It is remarkable," he writes, "that, though all these female nestors were not merely decorous in matters of religion, but really pious, they would all have been deemed irreligious now. Gay-hearted, and utterly devoid of every tincture of fanaticism, the very freedom and cheerfulness of their conversation and views on sacred subjects would have excited the horror of those who give the tone on these matters at present. So various are the opinions of what constitutes religiousness."

We have a further description of Soph Johnstone from the pen of Lady Anne Barnard, one of the Balcarres family. It is in Lord Lindsay's lives of the Lindsays, vol. ii., page 318.

"I scarce think that any system of education could have made this woman one of the *fair* sex. Nature seemed to have entered into the jest, and hesitated to the last whether to make her a boy or a girl. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron; could shoe a horse quicker than the smith; made excellent trunks; played well on the fiddle; sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many

people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading, which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites, secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her headquarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited."

A relation of Soph Johnstone has sent me a curious account of a theological argument which she had held with the celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair. The Doctor, shocked to find her mind in such an unsettled state on some fundamental points of theology, had dwelt at some length upon the great facts connected with the primæval condition and the fall. Soph heard it all with much gravity, and then coolly replied, "Weel, weel, Doctor, it wud hae been sma' pleasure to me to rin about naked in a garden, eating green apples."

Amongst all the old ladies in Scotland whom I

have ever known, one of the most remarkable was Lady Clerk, widow of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik. She was a native of the north of England, but had been so long identified with Scotland and its social habits, that she may well be considered as one of our Scottish reminiscences. When I first came to reside in Edinburgh, 36 years ago, Mary Lady Clerk was known by every one as an original, whose sayings and doings were constantly quoted in society. She lived in Princes Street, and her figure, as she used to walk about, was as familiar to many of the inhabitants as the steeple of St. Giles. Lady Clerk was born in Newcastle in 1745. She was a baby in the cradle when Prince Charles Edward passed through that town. As her father, a Mr. Dacre, was an adherent of the Jacobite cause, the Prince was entertained at Mr. Dacre's house, and on leaving it, on his way south, he pinned with his own hand, one of his favours on the child's cradle, which gave Lady Clerk through life a strong feeling in favour of the Stuart family. She kept the favour which had so early been attached to her bed with great care, and in 1822 presented it to the king (George IV.) on his visit to Scotland, and it was very kindly and graciously received by him. The late Lord Stowel (William Scott) was also a native of Newcastle, and in their boyish and girlish days, an attachment

sprung up between Miss Dacre and himself. The entire want of means precluded for the time all hope of marriage. But some years afterwards, when Scott had entered upon that legal profession, of which he was destined to become so distinguished an ornament, and when he saw the probability of his success, he wrote to his first love a brief offer of his hand, beginning, "Dear Molly Dacre," and signing himself "Willie Scott." Lady Clerk repeated to me her answer—"Dear Willie Scott, I should have been glad to be your wife, but on Tuesday next I am to be married to Captain John Clerk, and am your affectionate Molly Dacre." Lady Clerk kept up a constant intercourse with the two eminent brothers, John Scott the Chancellor, and William, the Judge of the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty courts. She shewed me once a highly characteristic letter from Lord Eldon. At the time of passing what was usually called the Catholic Relief Bill, Lady Clerk wrote to Lord Eldon congratulating him upon the energetic stand he had made to prevent the bill becoming law. His answer was laconic, and nearly thus—"Dear Molly Dacre, I am happy to find you approve of my endeavours to oppose the Catholic Relief Bill. I have done what I thought my duty. May God forgive me if I have done wrong, and may God forgive my opponents (*if he*

can). Yours affectionately, Eldon." The parenthesis is exquisite. What paragraph could have expressed half so much? This Lady Clerk formed a direct and intermediate link between Jacobite times and my own. She knew that I was very intimate with Miss Susan Buchanan, whose maternal great grandfather, Sir Archibald Primrose (of the Rosebery family), suffered at Carlisle in the Stuart cause. She told me she had made Miss B. very angry by telling her, "Miss Buchanan, you should be much obliged to my family. My father picked up your grandfather's head when the boys were kicking it about the streets of Carlisle, and decently buried it." The head had been affixed after his execution to the gateway, and had fallen down into the street.

CHAPTER V.

On Scottish Stories of Wit and Humour.

WE now come to the last division of our subject, viz., that which we have entitled "Scottish stories of wit and humour." The anecdotes under this head as I have before observed, may not often be essentially different from the stories of the former section. What I *wish* to keep in view is, to distinguish anecdotes which are amusing on account merely of the expressions used, from those which have real wit and humour *combined*, with the purely Scottish vehicle in which they are conveyed.

Of this class I could not have a better specimen to commence with, than the defence of the liturgy of his church, by John Skinner of Langside, see pages 209, 210. It is witty and clever.

Being present at a party [I think at Lord Forbes's], where were also several ministers of the Establishment, the conversation over their wine

turned, among other things, on the prayer-book. Skinner took no part in it, till one minister remarked to him, "the great faut I hae to your prayer-book is, that ye use the Lord's Prayer sae aften,—ye juist mak a dishclout o't."

Skinner's rejoinder was, "Verra true! "Ay, man, we mak a dishclout o't, an we wring't, an we wring't, an we wring't, an the bree o't washes a' the lave o' our prayers."

No one, I think, could deny the wit of the two following rejoinders.

A ruling elder of a country parish in the west of Scotland was well known in the district as a shrewd and ready-witted man. He got many a visit by persons who liked a banter, or to hear a good joke. Three young students gave him a call in order to have a little amusement at the elder's expense. On approaching him, one of them saluted him, "Well, Father Abraham, how are you to day?" "You are wrong," said the other, "this is old Father Isaac;" "Tuts," said the third, "you are both mistaken; this is old Father Jacob." David looked at the young men, and in his own way replied, "I am neither old Father Abraham, nor old Father Isaac, nor old Father Jacob, but I am Saul, the son of Kish, seeking his father's asses, and lo! I've found three o' them."

For many years the Baptist community of Dunfermline was presided over by brothers David Dewar and James Inglis, the latter of whom has just recently gone to his reward. Brother David was a plain, honest, straightforward man, who never hesitated to express his convictions, however unpalatable they might be to others. Being elected a member of the Prison Board, he was called upon to give his vote in the choice of a chaplain from the licentiates of the Established Kirk. The party who had gained the confidence of the Board had proved rather an indifferent preacher in a charge to which he had previously been appointed; and on David being asked to signify his assent to the choice of the Board, he said, "Weel, I've no objections to the man, for I understand he has preached a kirk toom (empty) already, and if he be as successful in the jail, he'll maybe preach it vawcant as weel."

From Mr. Inglis, clerk of the Court of Session, I have the following Scottish rejoinder:—

"I recollect my father giving a conversation between a Perthshire laird and one of his tenants. The laird's eldest son was rather a simpleton. Laird says, "I am going to send the young laird abroad." "What for?" asks the tenant; answered—"To see the world;" tenant replies, "But lordsake, Laird, will no the world see *him?*"

An admirably humorous reply is recorded of a Scotch officer, well known and esteemed in his day for mirth and humour. Captain Innes of the Guards (usually called Jock Innes by his cotemporaries) was with others getting ready for Flushing or some of those expeditions of the beginning of the great war. His commanding officer (Lord Huntly, my correspondent thinks) remonstrated about the badness of his hat, and recommended a new one, —"Na! na! bide a wee," said Jock; "whare we're ga'in', faith there'll soon be mair hats nor *heads*."

There is an odd and original way of putting a matter sometimes in Scotch people, which is irresistibly comic, although by the persons nothing comic is intended, as for example, when in 1786 Edinburgh was illuminated on account of the recovery of George III. from severe illness—in a house where great preparation was going on for the occasion, by getting the candles fixed in tin sconces, an old nurse of the family looking on, exclaimed, "Aye, it's a braw time for the cannel makers when the king is sick, honest man!"

Scotch gamekeepers had often much dry quiet humour—I was much amused by the answer of one of those under the following circumstances:—An Ayrshire gentleman, who was from the first a very

bad shot, or rather no shot at all, when out on 1st of September, having failed, time after time, in bringing down a single bird, had at last pointed out to him by his attendant bag-carrier a large covey, thick and close on the stubbles. "Noo! Mr. Jeems, let drive at them, just as they are!" Mr. Jeems did let drive, as advised, but not a feather remained to testify the shot. All flew off, safe and sound—"Hech, sir (remarks his friend), but ye've made thae yins shift their quarters."

The two following anecdotes of rejoinders from Scottish gudewives, and for which I am indebted, as for many other kind communications, to the Rev. Mr. Blair of Dunblane, appear to me as good examples of the peculiar Scottish pithy phraseology which we now refer to, as any that I have met with.

An old lady who lived not far from Abbotsford, and from whom the "Great Unknown" had derived many an ancient tale, was waited upon one day by the author of "Waverley." On endeavouring to give the authorship the go-by, the old dame protested, "D'ye think, Sir, I dinna ken my ain groats in ither folk's kail?"

A conceited packman called at a farm-house in the west of Scotland, in order to dispose of some of his wares. The goodwife was startled by his

southern accent, and his high talk about York, London, and other big places. "An' whaur come *ye* frae yersel?" was the question of the good wife. "Oh! I am from the Border!" "The Border. Oh! I thocht that; for we aye think the selvidge is the wakest bit o' the wab!"

Persons who are curious in Scottish stories of wit and humour, speak much of the sayings of a certain "Laird of Logan," who was a well-known character of the west of Scotland. This same laird of Logan was at a meeting of the heritors of Cumnock, where a proposal was made to erect a new churchyard wall. He met the proposition with the dry remark, "I never big dykes till the *tenants* complain."

The laird sold a horse to an Englishman, saying, "You buy him as you see him; but he's an *honest* beast." The purchaser took him home. In a few days he stumbled and fell, to the damage of his own knees and his rider's head. On this the angry purchaser remonstrated with the laird, whose reply was, "Well, Sir, I told you he was an honest beast; many a time has he threatened to come down with me, and I kenned he would keep his word some day."

At the time of the threatened invasion, the laird had been taunted at a meeting at Ayr with want of

a loyal spirit at Cumnock, as at that place no volunteer corps had been raised to meet the coming danger; Cumnock, it should be recollected, being on a high situation, and ten or twelve miles from the coast. "What sort of people are you, up at Cumnock?" said an Ayr gentleman; "you have not a single volunteer!" "Never you heed," says Logan, very quietly; "if the French land at Ayr, there will soon be plenty of volunteers up at Cumnock."

I have already had recourse to the Scottish bar for a sample of Scottish wit and humour, p. 108. It is a wide field, and I pretend to no more than gathering a specimen here and there.

John Clerk's translation of the motto of the Celtic Club is capital, and may rank with the translations given at pages 63 and 64. "Olim marte nunc arte;" "Formerly *rubbers*, noo thieves." (N.B.—He had a strong hatred of the race.) Very dry and pithy too was his legal *opinion* given to a claimant of the Annandale peerage, who, when pressing the employment of some obvious forgeries, was warned, that if he persevered, nae doot he might be a peer, but it would be a peer o' anither *tree!*

Harry Erskine's best things have unfortunately been murdered in the jest books. I do not think

his neat remark to Walter Scott after he got his Clerkship of Session has been in print. The scheme to bestow it on him had been begun by the Tories, but (most honourably) was completed by the Whigs, and after the fall of the latter, Harry met the new Clerk, and congratulated him on his appointment, which he liked all the better, as it was a "Lay of the Last Ministry!"

The following is an exquisite application of Lord Polkemmet's pet phrase given at page 108. My correspondent heard the phrase repeated, and heard it prefaced by a statement to this effect:[1] —"Weel, Maister Askine, I heard you, and I thocht ye were richt; and I heard you, Dauvid (David Cathcart), and I thocht ye were richt; and now I hae heard Maister Clerk, and I think he is the richtest amang ye. That bathers me, ye see; sae I maun tak hame the process, and wamble it in my wame a wee, and syne ye'se hae an Interlocutor."

The following story introduces a characteristic account of John Clerk, p. 109.

Two individuals, the one a mason, the other, a joiner or carpenter, both residenters in West Ports-

[1] I refer to the octogenarian author of "The Two Cosmos"—A Tale of Fifty Years Ago—a work which must be highly interesting to every Scotchman for its powerful and graphic delineation of Scottish life and character.

burgh, formed a copartnery, and commenced building houses within the boundaries of the burgh corporation. One of the partners was a freeman, the other not. The corporation, considering its rights invaded by a non-freeman exercising privileges only accorded to one of their body, brought an action in the Court of Session against the interloper, and his partner, as aiding and abetting. Mr. John Clerk, then an advocate, was engaged for the defendants. How the cause was decided matters little. What was really curious in the affair, was the naively droll manner in which the advocate for the defence opened his pleading before the Lord Ordinary. "My lord," commenced John, in his purest Doric, at the same time pushing up his spectacles to his brow, and hitching his gown over his shoulders, "I wad hae thocht naething o't (the action), had hooses been a new invention, and my clients been caught ouvertly impingin' on the patent richts o' the inventors!"

"'Tis sixty years since" the Rev. Mr. M'Cubbin, minister of the parish of Douglas, a well-known wit in his day, stepping into the house of the then carrier between Edinburgh and Douglas, inquired, "What news the day?" "O, nane ava, sir," was the response, "only the packman was here yesterday, and had a loud and lang argument about the

preaching of Judas with the tollman, your elder. The packman *mainteened* that as Judas was a hypocrite, he could have made no converts, but your elder thought that though Judas was a hypocrite, he might, for a' that, have had some converts. At length the packman went away, thinking that he had waur't your elder." The reverend gentleman was about to walk away too, without note or comment, when he was arrested by the question of the carrier, "Ah, but, Mr. M'Cubbin, what think ye?" The reverend wit, turning round, merely said, "Ou, the wares might be guid enough, though the deil gat the *packman*."

A pendant to the story of candid admission on the part of the minister, that the people might be *weary* after his sermon, has been given on the authority of the narrator, a Fife gentleman, ninety years of age when he told it. He had been to church at Elie, and listening to a young and perhaps bombastic preacher, who happened to be officiating for the Rev. Dr. Milligan, who was in church. After service, meeting the Doctor in the passage, he introduced the young clergyman, who, on being asked by the old man how he did, elevated his shirt collar, and complained of fatigue, and being very much "*tired*." "Tired, did ye say, my man," said the old satirist, who was slightly

deaf, "Lord, man! if you're *half* as tired as I am I pity ye."

I have been much pleased with an offering from Carluke, containing two very pithy anecdotes. Mr. Rankin very kindly writes:—"Your 'Reminiscences' are most refreshing. I am very little of a story collector, but I have recorded some of an old schoolmaster, who was a story teller. As a sort of payment for the amusement I have derived from your book I shall give one or two."

He sends the two following:—

"Shortly after Mr. Kay had been inducted schoolmaster of Carluke (1790), the bedrel called at the school, verbally announcing, proclamation-ways, that Mrs. So-and-So's funeral would be on Fuirsday. 'At what hour,' asked the dominie. 'Ou, ony time atween ten and twa.' At two o'clock of the day fixed, Mr. K.—quite a stranger to the customs of the district—arrived at the place, and was astonished to find a crowd of men and lads, standing here and there, some smoking, and all *arglebargling*,[1] as if at the end of a fair. He was instantly, but mysteriously, approached, and touched on the arm by a red-faced bare-headed man, who seemed to be in authority, and was beckoned to follow. On entering the barn, which was seated

[1] Disputing or bandying words backwards and forwards.

all round, he found numbers sitting, each with the head bent down, and each with his hat between his knees—all gravity and silence. Anon a voice was heard issuing from the far end, and a long prayer was uttered. They had worked at this—what was called '*a service*'—during three previous hours, one party succeeding another, and many taking advantage of every service, which consisted of a prayer by way of grace, a glass of *white* wine, a glass of *red* wine, a glass of *rum*, and a prayer by way of thanksgiving. After the long invocation, bread and wine passed round. Silence prevailed. Most partook of both *rounds* of wine, but when the rum came, many nodded refusal, and by-and-by the nodding seemed to be universal, and the trays passed on so much the more quickly. A sumphish weather-beaten man, with a large flat blue bonnet on his knee, who had nodded unwittingly, and was about to lose the last chance of a glass of rum, raised his head, saying, amid the deep silence, 'Od I daursay I *wull* tak anither gless,' and in a sort of vengeful, yet apologetic tone, added, 'the auld jaud yance cheeted me wi' a cauve' (calf)."

"Dr. Scott, minister of Carluke (1770), was a fine graceful kindly man, always stepping about in his bag wig and cane in hand, with a kind or ready word to every one. He was officiating at a bridal

in his parish, where there was a goodly company, had partaken of the good cheer, and waited till the young people were fairly warmed in the dance. A dissenting body had sprung up in the parish, which he tried to think was beneath him even to notice when he could help it, yet never seemed to feel at all keenly when the dissenters were alluded to. One of the chief leaders of this body was at the bridal, and felt it to be his bounden duty to call upon the minister for his reasons for sanctioning by his presence so sinful an enjoyment. 'Weel, minister, what think ye o' this dancing?' 'Why, John,' said the minister, blithely, 'I think it an excellent exercise for young people, and, I dare say, so do you.' 'Ah, sir, I'm no sure about it; I see nae authority for't in the Scriptures.' 'Umph, indeed, John; you cannot forget David.' 'Ah, sir, Dauvid; gif they were a' to dance as Dauvid did, it would be a different thing a-the-gither.' 'Hoot o fie, hoot o fie, John; would you have the young folk strip to the serk!'"

At pages 153-55, I have referred to the eccentric laird of Balnamoon, his wig, and his "speats o' drinking and praying." A story of this laird is recorded, which I do think is well named, by a correspondent who communicates it, as a "quint-essential phasis of dry Scotch humour," and the

explanation of which would perhaps be thrown away upon any one who *needed* the explanation. The story is this:—The laird, riding past a high steep bank, stopped opposite a hole in it, and said, "John, I saw a brock gang in there." "Did ye," said John; "wull ye haud my horse, sir?" "Certainly," said the laird, and away rushed John for a spade. After digging for half an hour, he came back, nigh speechless, to the laird, who had regarded him musingly. "I canna find him, sir," said John. "Deed," said the laird, very coolly, "I wad ha' wondered if ye had, for it's ten years sin' I saw him gang in there."

Amongst many humorous colloquies between Balnamoon and his servant, the following must have been very racy and very original. The laird, accompanied by Hairy, after a dinner party, was riding, on his way home, through a ford, when he fell off into the water. "Whae's that fau'n, John?" he inquired. "Deed," quoth John, "I wit na an it be na your honour."

We have more than once had occasion to mention the late Rev. Walter Dunlop of the U. P. Church, Dumfries. To a kind clerical correspondent in that neighbourhood, I am indebted for the following. He was very much esteemed by his congregation as a faithful and affectionate

minister. Few men equalled him for racy humour and originality. Many anecdotes are recorded of him in connection with his ministerial visitations. He was firmly persuaded that the workman was worthy of his meat, and he did not hesitate occasionally to intimate how agreeable certain "*presents*" would be to him and his better half. He was widely respected by all denominations, and his death was greatly lamented.

One evening, while making his pastoral visitations among some of the country members of his flock, he came to a farm house where he was expected; and the mistress, thinking that he would be in need of refreshment, proposed that he should take his tea before engaging in *exercises*, and said she would soon have it ready. Mr. Dunlop replied, "I aye tak' my tea better when my wark's dune. I'll just be gaun on. Ye can hing the pan on, an' lea' the door ajar, an' I'll draw to a close in the prayer when I hear the haam fizzin'."

Another day, while engaged in the same duty of visitation, and while offering up prayer, a peculiar sound was heard to issue from his great-coat pocket, which was afterwards discovered to have proceeded from a half-choked duck, which he "had gotten in a *present*," and whose neck he had been squeezing all the time to prevent its crying.

On another occasion, after a hard day's labour, and while at a "denner tea," as he called it, he kept incessantly praising the "haam," and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at hame was as fond o' haam like that as he was," when the mistress kindly offered to send her the present of a ham. "It's unco kin' o' ye, unco kin', but I'll no pit ye to the trouble; I'll just tak' it hame on the horse afore me." When, on leaving, he mounted, and the ham was put into a sack, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it to lie properly. His inventive genius soon cut the Gordian-knot. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the ither en' wad mak' a gran' balance." The hint was immediately acted on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance true."

One day, returning from a short visit to the country, he met two ladies in Buccleuch Street, who stopped him to enquire after his welfare, and that of his wife. Lifting his hat politely, to the consternation of all three, out tumbled to his feet his handkerchief, followed by a large lump of potted-head, which he had received in a "present," and was thus carrying hame, but which, at the moment, he had entirely forgotten.

One Sunday, after sermon, just before pronouncing the blessing, he made the following inti-

mation, "My freens, I hae a baaptism at Locharbriggs the nicht, an' maybe some o' ye wad be sae kin' as to gie me a cast oot in a dandy-cart." On descending from the pulpit, several vehicles of the description were placed at his service.

He would not allow any of his congregation to sleep in church, if his eye caught them. One day he suddenly stopped in his sermon, and said, "I doot some o' ye hae taen owre mony whey porridge the day: sit up, or I'll name ye oot."

Some four-and-twenty years ago, when Mr. Dunlop lost his excellent and amiable wife, to whom it was well known he was strongly attached, Dr. Wightman, parish minister of Kirkmahoe, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dumfries, then upwards of seventy years of age and a bachelor, was invited to the funeral. On entering the house, he was surprised to observe that Mr. Dunlop, now a widower for a second time, did not appear to be so much affected as he would have expected, and, indeed, seemed wonderfully composed and cheerful. His peculiar humour could not be repressed even on this occasion, for he said, "Come awa', Dr. Wightman, come awa', it will be lang to the day when ye hae onything of this kind to do."

At pages 256 and 257, examples are given of national feeling breaking out in national humour

upon great events connected with our national history. The following is, perhaps, as good as any:—the Rev. Robert Scott, a Scotchman who forgets not Scotland in his southern vicarage, and whom I have named before as having sent me some good reminiscences, tells me that, at Inverary, some thirty years ago, he could not help overhearing the conversation of some Lowland cattle dealers in the public room in which he was. The subject of the bravery of our navy being started, one of the interlocutors expressed his surprise that Nelson should have issued his signal at Trafalgar in the terms, "*England expects*," etc. He was met with the answer (which seemed highly satisfactory to the rest), "Ay, Nelson only said '*expects*' of the English; he said naething of Scotland, for he *kent* the *Scotch* would do theirs."

I am assured the following manifestation of national feeling against the memory of a Scottish public character actually took place within a few years:—Williamson (the Duke of Buccleuch's huntsman) was one afternoon riding home from hunting through Haddington; and as he passed the old abbey, he saw an ancient woman looking through the iron grating in front of the burial place of the Lauderdale family, holding by the bars, and grinning and dancing with rage. "Eh, gudewife," said

Williamson, "what ails ye?" "It's the Duke o' Lauderdale," cried she. "Eh, if I could win at him, I wud rax the banes o' him."

To this class belongs the following complacent Scottish remark upon Bannockburn. A splenetic Englishman said to a Scottish countryman, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, "Tastes differ; I'se tak' ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

A north-country drover had, however, a more *tangible* opportunity of gratifying his national animosity against the southern, and of which he availed himself. Returning homewards, after a somewhat unsuccessful journey, and not in very good humour with the Englishers, when passing through Carlisle, he saw a notice stuck up, offering a reward of £50 for any one who would do a piece of service to the community, by officiating as executioner of the law on a noted criminal then under sentence of death. Seeing a chance to make up for his bad market, and comforted with the assurance that he was unknown there, he undertook the office, hanged the rogue, and got the fee. When moving off

with the money, he was twitted as a mean beggarly Scot, doing for money what no *Englishman* would, he replied with a grin and quiet glee, "Ill hang ye a' at the price."

A very amusing account of a minister meeting, and by wit and good humour overcoming, the strict opinions of his people in regard to their disapproval of his worldly pursuits and accomplishments, has been given to me from Aberdeenshire. The late Mr. Greig, minister at *Chapel of Garioch*, near Logie, was very musical, and played very well on the violoncello, particularly Scotch music. He was in the habit of spending his evenings at different houses, taking his instrument with him. He was very often at Logie, and played to Mrs. Leslie's piano. His parishioners began to think all this was wrong, and a deputation was sent to remonstrate with him, and get some promise that these musical evenings should be discontinued. Mr. Greig received them very kindly, played them some tunes on his violoncello, gave them some whisky toddy, and they came away, without having been able to come to any understanding on the object of their visit. They thought this would never do, as they did not know what to say to those that sent them. So after they had left the manse, one of their number was sent back to re-open the subject,

the rest waiting on the roadside. Again the remonstrant was well received, more tunes, more toddy, and he returned to his companions never having got at the matter of complaint, but candidly acknowledged his own views, "I have made up my ain mind that yon big fiddle is a most respectable thing, not like the little *sinfu' fiddlies* that they play at dancing parties," and so they rested satisfied, and the good minister was allowed to play his big fiddle without further molestation or remonstrance.

I have referred frequently in these pages to Scottish funerals and to Scottish idiots. But there was a frequent *combination* of the two subjects, which seems of late years to have passed away. In many country places, hardly a funeral ever took place without the attendance of the parochial idiot. It seemed almost a necessary association; and such attendance seemed to constitute the great delight of those creatures. I have myself witnessed again and again the sort of funeral scene portrayed by Walter Scott, who no doubt took his description from what was common in his day. "The funeral pomp set forth—saulies with their batons and gumphions of tarnished white crape. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, crept in slow pace towards the place

of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weepers and cravat made of white paper, *attended on every funeral,* and followed by six mourning coaches filled with the company."—*Guy Mannering.*

The withdrawal of these characters from public view, and the loss of importance which they once enjoyed in Scottish society, seem to me inexplicable. Have they ceased to exist, or are they removed from our sight to different scenes? The fool was, in early times, a very important personage in most Scottish households of any distinction. Indeed, this had been so common as to be a public nuisance.

It seems that persons *assumed* the character, for we find a Scottish Act of Parliament, dated 19th January 1449, with this title:—"Act for the way-putting of *Fenyent* Fules," etc. (Thomson's Acts of Parliament of Scotland, vol. i.); and it enacts very stringent measures against such persons. They seem to have formed a link between the helpless idiot and the boisterous madman, sharing the eccentricity of the latter and the stupidity of the former, generally adding, however, a good deal of the sharp-wittedness of the *knave.* Up to the middle of the eighteenth century, this appears to have been still an appendage to some families. I have before me a little publication with the title,

"The Life and Death of Jamie Fleeman, the Laird of Udny's Fool. Tenth edition. Aberdeen, 1797. With Portrait. Also twenty-sixth edition, of 1829." I should suppose this account of a family fool was a fair representation of a good specimen of the class. He was evidently of defective intellect, but at times shewed the odd humour and quick conclusion which so often mark the disordered brain. I can only now give two examples taken from his history :— Having found a horse shoe on the road, he met Mr. Craigie, the minister of St. Fergus, and shewed it to him, asking in pretended ignorance, what it was. "Why, Jamie," said Mr. Craigie good-humouredly, "any body that was not a fool would know that is a horse shoe." "A!" said Jamie, with affected simplicity, "what it is to be wise—to ken it's noe a meer's shoe!"

On another occasion, when all the country side were hastening to the Perth races, Jamie had cut across the fields and reached a bridge near the town, and sat down upon the parapet. He commenced munching away at a large portion of a leg of mutton which he had somehow become possessed of, and of which he was amazingly proud. The laird came riding past, and seeing Jamie sitting on the bridge, accosted him :—"Ay, Fleeman, are ye here already?" "Ou ay," quoth Fleeman, with an air of assumed

dignity and archness not easy to describe, while his eye glanced significantly towards the mutton, "Ou ay, ye ken a body when he *has onything*."

Of witty retorts by half-witted creatures of this class, I do not know of one more pointed than what is recorded of such a character who used to hang about the residence of a late Lord Fife. It would appear that some parts of his lordship's estates were barren, and in a very unproductive condition. Under the improved system of agriculture and of draining, great preparations had been made for securing a good crop in a certain field, where Lord Fife, his factor, and others interested in the subject were collected together. There was much discussion, and some difference of opinion as to the crop with which the field had best be sown. The idiot retainer, who had been listening unnoticed to all that was said, at last cried out, "Saw't wi' factors, ma lord; they are sure to thrive everywhere."

"Daft Will Speir" (mentioned page 197), was passing the minister's glebe, where haymaking was in progress. The minister asked Will if he thought the weather would keep up, as it looked rather like rain. "Weel," said Will, "I canna be very sure, but I'll be passin' this way the nicht, an' I'll ca' in and tell ye." This poor creature had a high sense of duty. It appears he had been given the charge

of the coal stores at the Earl of Eglinton's. Having on one occasion been reprimanded for allowing the supplies to run out before further supplies were ordered, he was ever afterwards most careful to fulfil his duty. In course of time poor Will became "sick unto death," and the minister came to see him. Thinking him in really a good frame of mind, the minister asked him, in presence of the laird and others, if there were not *one great* thought which was ever to him the highest consolation in his hour of trouble? "Ou aye," gasped the sufferer, "Lord be thankit, a' the bunkers are fu'."

"Well, Will," said the Earl one day to Will Speir, seeing the latter finishing his dinner, "have you had a good dinner to-day?" (Will had been grumbling some time before.) "Ou, vera gude," answered Will; "but gin onybody asks if I got a dram after't, what will I say?"

There was an idiot who lived long in Lauder, and seems to have had a great resemblance to the jester of old times. He was a staunch supporter of the Established Church. One day, some one gave him a bad shilling. On Sunday he went to the Seceders' Meeting-house, and when the ladle was taken round, he put in his bad shilling, and took out elevenpence halfpenny. Afterwards he went in high glee to the late Lord Lauderdale,

calling out, "I've cheated the Seceders the day, my lord; I've cheated the Seceders."

Jemmy had long harboured a dislike to the steward on the property, which he paid off in the following manner:—Lord Lauderdale and Sir Anthony used to take him out shooting; and one day Lord Maitland (he was then), on having to cross the Leader, said, "Now, Jemmy, you shall carry me through the water," which Jemmy duly did. Bowmaker, Lord Lauderdale's steward, who was shooting with them, said, "Now, Jemmy, you must carry *me* over." "Vera weel," said Jemmy. He took the steward on his back, and when he had quietly carried him half way across the river, he dropped him quietly into the water.

I have recorded an anecdote received from Mr. W. Chambers, p. 181, of a half idiot—Rab Hamilton—whose name was familiar to most persons who knew Ayr in former days. He certainly was a natural; but the following anecdote of him from a kind correspondent at Ayr, sanctions the opinion that he must have occasionally said such clever things as made some think him more rogue than fool. Dr. Auld often shewed him kindness, but being once addressed by him when in a hurry and out of humour, he said, "Get away, Rab; I have nothing for you to-day." "Whaw, whew," cried

Rab, in a half howl, half whining tone, "I dinna want onything the day, Mister Auld; I wanted to tell you an awsome dream I hae had. I dreamt I was deed." "Weel, what then?" said Dr. Auld. "Ou, I was carried far, far, and up, up, up, till I cam to heaven's yett, where I chappit, and chappit, and chappit, till at last an angel keekit out, and said, 'Wha are ye?' 'Am puir Rab Hamilton.' 'Whaur are ye frae?' 'Frae the wicked town o' Ayr.' 'I dinna ken ony sic place,' said the angel. 'Oh! but I'm joost frae there.' Weel, the angel sends for the apostle Peter, and Peter comes wi' his key and opens the yett, and says to me, 'Honest man, do you come frae the auld toun o' Ayr?' 'Deed do I,' says I. 'Weel,' says Peter, 'I ken the place, but naebody's came frae the town o' Ayr, no since the year'" so and so—mentioning the year when Dr. Auld was inducted into the parish. Dr. Auld laughed, and told him to go about his business.

A daft individual used to frequent the same district, about whom a variety of opinions were entertained,—some people thinking him not so foolish as he sometimes seemed. On one occasion, a person wishing to test whether he knew the value of money, held out a sixpence and a penny, and offered him his choice. "I'll tak the wee ane," he says, giving as his modest reason, "I'se no be

greedy." At another time, a miller, laughing at him for his witlessness, he said, "Some things I ken, and some I dinna ken." On being asked what he knew, he said, "I ken a miller has aye a gey fat sou." "An' what d'ye no ken?" said the miller. "Ou," he returned, "I dinna ken at wha's expense she's fed at."

The following anecdote is told regarding the late Lord Dundrennan:—A half silly basket-woman passing down his avenue at Cumbstone one day, he met her, and said, "My good woman, there's no road this way." "Na, sir," she said, "I think ye're wrang there; I think it's a most beautifu' road."

A very amusing collision of one of these penurious lairds (mentioned at page 161), a certain Mr. Gordon of Rothy, with a half-daft beggar wanderer of the name of Jock Muilton, has been recorded. The laird was very shabby, as usual, and, meeting Jock, began to banter him on the subject of his dress:—"Ye're very grand, Jock. That's fine claes ye hae gotten; whaur did ye get that coat?" Jock told him who had given him his coat, and then, looking slily at the laird, he inquired, as with great simplicity, "and where did ye get *yours*, laird?"

The following is another example of shrewd

and ready humour in one of that class which, from some unaccountable reason, seems almost passed away from the land. In this case the idiot was musical, and earned a few stray pence by playing Scottish airs on a flute. He resided at Stirling, and used to hang about the door of the inn to watch the arrival and departure of travellers. A lady who used to give him something occasionally, was just starting, and said to Jamie that she had only a fourpenny piece, and that he must be content with that, for she could not stay to get more. Jamie was not satisfied; and as the lady drove out, expressed his feelings by playing with all his might, "O weerie o' the *toom pouch*."[1]

The following anecdote, supplied by Mr. Blair, is an amusing illustration, both of the funeral propensity, and of the working of a defective brain, in a half-witted carle, who used to range the county of Galloway, armed with a huge pikestaff, and who one day met a funeral procession a few miles from Wigton. A long train of carriages, and farmers riding on horseback, suggested the propriety of his bestriding his staff and following after the funeral. The procession marched at a brisk pace, and on reaching the kirkyard style, as each rider dismounted, "Daft Jock" descended from his wooden

[1] Empty pocket.

steed, besmeared with mire and perspiration, exclaiming, "Hech, sirs, had it no been for the fashion o' the thing, I micht as weel hae been on my ain feet."

I think the following is about as good a sample of what we call Scotch "pawky" as any I know: A country man had lost his wife and a favourite cow on the same day. His friends consoled him for the loss of the wife; and being highly respectable, several hints and offers were made towards getting another for him. "Ou ay," he at length replied, "you 're a' keen aneuch to get me anither wife, but no yin o' ye offers to gie me anither cow."

I have two anecdotes of two peers, who might be said to come under the description of half-witted. In their case, the same sort of dry Scottish humour came out under the cloak of mental disease. A Scottish nobleman of the last century had been a soldier the greater part of his life, but was obliged to come home on account of aberration of mind, superinduced by hereditary propensity. Desirous of putting him under due restraint, and, at the same time, of engaging his mind in his favourite pursuit, his friends procured a Sergeant Briggs to be his companion and overseer; and to render the sergeant acceptable as a companion, they introduced him to the old earl as *Colonel* Briggs.

Being asked how he liked the colonel, the earl answered, "Very well; he is a sensible man, and a good soldier, but he *smells damnably of the halbert.*"

Another case of humour in a *mad* Scottish nobleman has been narrated, and, I suppose, is traditionary. In Scotland, some hundred years ago, madhouses did not exist, or were on a very limited scale; and there was often great difficulty in procuring suitable accommodation for patients who required special treatment and seclusion from the world. The nobleman in question had been consigned to the Canongate prison, and his position there was far from comfortable. An old friend called to see him, and asked how it had happened that he was placed in so unpleasant a situation. His reply was, "Sir, it was more the kind interest and patronage of my friends, than my own merits that have placed me here." "But have you not remonstrated or complained?" asked his visitor. "I told them," said his lordship, "that they were a pack of infernal villains." "Did you?" said his friend; "that was bold language; and what did they say to that?" "Oh," said the peer, "I took care not to tell them till they were fairly out of the place, and weel up the Canongate."

Analogous with the language of the *defective* intellect is the language of the imperfectly formed

intellect, and I have often thought there was something very touching and very fresh in the expression of feelings and notions by children. I have given an example at p. 148, but the following is, to my taste, a charming specimen:—A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by over-feeding. The uncle was one day walking out, the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry, "Oh, doggie, doggie, and div ye live wi' your uncle tae, that ye are so thin!"

In connection with funerals, I am indebted to the kindness of Lord Kinloch for a characteristic anecdote of cautious Scottish character in the west country. It was the old fashion, still practised in some districts, to carry the coffin to the grave on long poles, or "spokes," as they were commonly termed. There were usually two bearers abreast on each side. On a certain occasion, one of the two said to his companion, "I'm awfu' tired wi' carryin'." "Do you *carry?*" was the interrogatory in reply. "Yes; what do you do?" "Oh,"

said the other, "I aye *lean*." His friend's fatigue was at once accounted for.

I am strongly tempted to give the following account of a parish functionary in the words of a kind correspondent from Kilmarnock, although communicated in the following very flattering terms :— "In common with every Scottish man worthy of the name, I have been delighted with your book, have the ambition to add a pebble to the cairn, and accordingly send you a *bellman story;* it has, at least, the merit of being unprinted and unedited."

The incumbent of Craigie parish, in this district of Ayrshire, had asked a Mr. Wood, tutor in the Cairnhill family, to officiate for him on a particular Sunday. Mr. Wood, however, between the time of being asked and the appointed day, got intimation of the dangerous illness of his father; in the hurry of setting out to see him, he forgot to arrange for the pulpit being filled. The bellman of Craigie parish, by name Matthew Sinning, and at this time about eighty years of age, was a very little "crined"[1] old man, and always wore a broad Scottish blue bonnet, with a red "bob" on the top. The parish is a small rural one, so that Matthew knew every inhabitant in it, and had seen the most of them grow up. On this particular day,

[1] Shrivelled.

after the congregation had waited for some time, Matthew was seen to walk very slowly up the middle of the church, with the large Bible and psalm-book under his arm, to mount the pulpit stair; and after taking his bonnet off, and smoothing down his forehead with his "loof," thus addressed the audience:

"My freens, there was ane Wuds tae ha'e preached here the day, but he has nayther comed himsel', nor had the ceevility tae sen' us the scart o' a pen. Ye'll bide here for ten meenonts, and gin naebody comes forrit in that time, ye can gang awa' hame. Some say his feyther's dead, as for that I kenna."

The following is another illustration of the character given at p. 186 of the old Scottish betheral. One of those worthies, who was parochial gravedigger, had been missing for two days or so, and his reverence had in vain sent to discover him to most likely places. He bethought, at last, to make inquiry at a "public" at some distance from the village, and on entering the door met his man in the trance, quite fou, staggering out, supporting himself with a hand on each wa'. To the minister's sharp rebuke and rising wrath for his indecent and shameful behaviour, John, a wag in his way, and emboldened by liquor, made answer, "Deed, sir, sin'

I ca'd at the manse, I ha'e buried an auld wife, and I've just drucken her, hough and horn." Such was his candid admission of the manner in which he had disposed of the church fees paid for the interment.

An encounter of wits between a laird and an elder. A certain laird in Fife, well known for his parsimonious habits, whilst his substance largely increased did not increase his liberality, and his weekly contribution to the church collection never exceeded the sum of one penny. One day, however, by mistake, he dropped into the plate at the door a five-shilling-piece, but discovering his error before he was seated in his pew, hurried back, and was about to replace the dollar by his customary penny, when the elder in attendance cried out, "Stop, laird, ye may put *in* what ye like, but ye maun tak naething *out!*" The laird, finding his explanations went for nothing, at last said, "A weel, I suppose I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na, laird," said the elder, "ye'll only get credit for the *penny*."

Of *table* stories there is an anecdote which may be placed along with those of the two worthy farmers, p. 148, and which has occurred to my recollection as a Deeside story. My aunt, Mrs. Forbes, receiving a farmer at Banchory Lodge, offered him a draught of ale, which was accepted,

and a large glass of it quickly drunk off. My aunt, observing no froth or head, said she was afraid it was not a good bottle. "Oh, vera good, mem; it's just some strong o' the apple" (a common country expression for beer which is rather tart or sharp). The fact turned out that a bottle of *vinegar* had been decanted by mistake.

And further upon the subject of tenants at table. It was a most pungent remark of an honest farmer to the servant who put down beside him a dessert spoon, when he had been helped to pudding, "Tak it awa, mi man, mi mou's as big for puddin' as it is for kail."

I have received from Rev. William Blair, A.M., U.P. minister at Dunblane, many kind communications. I have made a selection, which I now group together, and they have this character in common, that they are all anecdotes of ministers :—

Rev. Walter Dunlop of Dumfries was accompanying a funeral one day, when he met a man driving a flock of geese. The wayward disposition of the bipeds at the moment, was too much for the driver's temper, and he indignantly cried out "Deevil choke them." Mr. Dunlop walked a little farther on, and passed a farmstead, where a servant was driving out a number of swine, and banning them with "Deevil tak them." Upon which, Mr. D.

stept up to him, and said, "Ay, ay, my man, your gentleman'll be wi' ye i' the noo; he's just back the road there a bit, choking some geese till a man."

Shortly after the disruption, Dr. Cook of St. Andrews was introduced to Mr. Dunlop, upon which occasion Mr. D. said, "Weel, sir, ye've been lang Cook, Cooking them, but ye've dished them at last."

Mr. Clark of Dalreoch, whose head was vastly disproportioned to his body, met Mr. Dunlop one day. "Weel, Mr. Clark, that's a great head o' yours." "Indeed it is, Mr. D., I could contain yours inside of my own." "Just sae'," echoed Mr. D., "I was e'en thinkin' it was geyan *toom*."

Mr. Dunlop happened one day to be present in a Church Court of a neighbouring Presbytery. A Rev. Dr. was asked to pray, and declined. On the meeting adjourning, Mr. D. stept up to the Doctor, and asked how he did. The Doctor never having been introduced, did not reply. Mr. D. withdrew, and said to his friend, "Eh! but is'na he a queer man, that Doctor, he'll neither speak to God nor man."

The Rev. John Brown of Whitburn was riding out one day on an old pony, when he was accosted by a rude youth. "I say Mr. Broon, what gars your horse's tail wag that way." "Oo, jest what gars your tongue wag; it's fashed wi' a *wakeness*."

About sixty years ago there were two ministers in Sanquhar of the name of Thomson, one of whom was father of the late Dr. Andrew Thomson of Edinburgh, the other was father of Rev. Dr. T. of Balfron. The domestic in

the family of the latter was rather obtrusive with her secret devotions, sometimes kneeling on the stairs at night, and talking loud enough to be heard. On a communion season she was praying devoutly for her minister, "Remember Mr. Tamson, no him at the Green, but oor ain Mr. Tamson."

Rev. Mr. Leslie of Morayshire, combined the duties of justice of peace with those of parochial clergyman. One day he was taken into confidence by a culprit who had been caught in the act of smuggling, and was threatened with a heavy fine. The culprit was a staunch Seceder, and owned a small farm. Mr. L. said to him, "The king will come in the cadger's road some day. Ye wadna come to the parish kirk though it were to save your life, wad ye? Come noo, an' i'se mak ye a' richt!" Next Sabbath the seceding smuggler appeared in the parish kirk, and as the paupers were receiving parochial allowance, Mr. L. slipt a shilling into the smuggler's hand. When the J. P. Court was held, Mr. L. was present, and when a fine was proposed to be exacted from the smuggler. "Fine!" said Mr. L. "he's mair need o' something to get duds to his back. He's ane o' my poor roll; I gie'd him a shilling just last Sabbath."

A worthy old Seceder used to ride from Gargunnock to Bucklyvie every Sabbath to attend the Burgher kirk. One day as he rode past the parish kirk of Kippen, the elder at the plate accosted him, "I'm sure, John, it's no like the thing to see you ridin' in sic a doon-pour o' rain, sae far by to thae Seceders. Ye ken the mercifu' man is mercifu' to his beast. Could ye no step in by." "Weel,"

said John, "I wadna care sae muckle about stablin' my beast inside, but it's anither thing mysel' gain' in."

The Rev. Robert Blair was sometime minister of St. Andrews, and "famous for his familiar way." His Majesty Charles II. on one occasion visited him, and found him sitting on a chair, being at the time under bodily infirmity, which kept him from rising up before the king. Mrs. Blair ran to fetch a seat for his Majesty, when Mr. Blair said, "My heart, don't trouble yourself, he is a young man, and may draw in a chair for himself." May not this have been partly the cause why Charles used to say that Presbyterianism was no religion for a gentleman?

The Rev. Dr. George Lawson of Selkirk acted for many years as theological tutor to the Secession Church. One day on entering the Divinity Hall he overheard a student remark that the professor's wig was uncombed. That same student, on that very day, had occasion to preach a sermon before the doctor, for which he received a bit of severe criticism, the sting of which was in its tail, "You said my wig wasna kaimed this mornin', my lad, but I think I've redd your head to you."

The Rev. John Heugh of Stirling was one day admonishing one of his people of the sin of intemperance. "Man, John, you should never drink except when you're dry." "Weel, sir," quoth John, "that's what I'm aye doin', for I am never slockin'd."

The Rev. Mr. M—— of Bathgate came up to a street pavier one day, and addressed him, "Eh! John, what's this you're at?" "Oh! I'm mending the ways of Bathgate!" "Ah, John, I've long been tryin' to mend the

ways o' Bathgate, an' they're no weel yet." "Weel, Mr. M., if you had tried my plan, and come doon to your *knees*, ye wad maybe hae come mair speed!"

There once lived in Cupar a merchant whose store contained supplies of every character and description, so that he was commonly known by the soubriquet of Robbie A'Thing. One day a minister who was well known for making a free use of his notes in the pulpit, called at the store asking for a rope and pin to tether a young calf in the glebe. Robbie at once informed him that he could not furnish such articles to him. But the minister being somewhat importunate, said, "Oh! I thought you were named Robbie A'Thing from the fact of your keeping all kinds of goods." "Weel a weel," said Robbie, "I keep a'thing in my shop but calf's tether-pins and paper sermons for ministers to read."

It was a somewhat whimsical advice, supported by whimsical argument, which used to be given by John Brown of Haddington to his students, on going abroad among people, "to sup well at the kail, for if they were good they were worth the supping, and if not they might be sure there was not much worth coming after them."

A good many families in and around Dunblane rejoice in the patronymic of Dochart. This name, which sounds somewhat Irish, is derived from Loch Dochart, in Argyleshire. The M'Gregors having been proscribed, were subjected to severe penalties, and a group of the clan having been hunted by their superiors, swam the stream which issues from Loch Dochart, and in gratitude to the river they afterwards assumed the family name of Dochart. A young

lad of this name, on being sent to Glasgow College, presented a letter from his minister to Reverend Dr. Heugh of Glasgow. He gave his name as Dochart, and the name in the letter was M'Gregor, "Oh," said the Doctor, "I fear there is some mistake about your identity, the names don't agree." "Weel, sir, that's the way they spell the name in our country."

Mr. Blair, as I have said, is settled at Dunblane, and there could hardly be a stronger proof of the respect paid to the memory of the saintly Leighton than the fact of the U. P. manse there being called "The Leighton Manse." Mr. Blair has sent me a few traditions of the good Bishop, which I subjoin with much pleasure :—

Archbishop Leighton, before his elevation to the archiepiscopal see of Glasgow, was for several years Bishop of Dunblane. It was his custom to walk along the banks of the Allan, under the shade of some fine old trees. One day he was met by a lady whose feelings were much stronger than her judgment, and who informed the good man that she had had a very extraordinary dream. The bishop asking her to let him know what the dream betokened, she informed him that she dreamed she was his wife, and she was afraid lest anything might hinder such a consummation, so devoutly to be wished, from coming true! The bishop thereupon informed her that he would tarry till the dream was doubled, and he himself had dreamt that he was her husband, and then he would take

all care to have it verified. The doubling of the dream never occurred, for the bishop lived and died in single blessedness.

The Archbishop's mode of life in Dunblane was one of extreme quietude and simplicity. His domestic establishment was anything but numerous. His man "John" did all his extra work, and used sometimes to go up the Allan fishing, leaving the bishop a prisoner at home, having forgetfully locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Instead of being turned off, as he deserved, the meek man only requested that next time John went to fish he should like him to leave the key in the door.

His treatment of the non-conformists in his diocese was in marked contrast with that of his coadjutors on the Episcopal bench. Fines and imprisonments were unknown in Dunblane. He ruled his people by the law of kindness. Indeed, his see was a land of Goshen, while all around was being deluged as with the ten plagues. Tradition has it that on one ocsasion a fugitive from persecution sought and found asylum in Dunblane from the fury of the pursuers. On another occasion, he was informed of a family near Crosscaply that frequented conventicles; "Well," said the bishop, "if they get the word elsewhere, so be it." The informant wishing to have recourse to violence, the bishop said, "No, no, ye may go and lock the door on them, *but be sure you lock it fast*," that is, leave them unmolested. An old man informs me that he had in early youth received many traditions of the days of Leighton, from one Laird Wright, whose grandfather was baptized by the covenanters, at a burnside near the long

range of "hills ayont Dunblane," called Slimaback, from which circumstance he was commonly known by the name of Slimadykes. Laird Wright told him of a covenanter who was pursued by a troop of dragoons through Dunblane, as far as the grass yard, and the bishop's walk and well. Here he attempted the dangerous expedient of crossing the Allan, which happened to be in full flood from bank to brae, and succeeded in crossing the swollen stream. The dragoons hesitated a moment as to whether they should follow, upon which the fugitive calmly answered, "Dinna come owre, for your guide's no sae trusty as mine."

I have now the pleasure of introducing some more "Reminiscences" from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Clason. I had asked his kind assistance for some information on the curious question of the *tent preaching* at country communions (see page 28 of this volume), and I have the following communication. I am quite sure that my readers will agree with me in considering his account of the joint parochial communion services to be *most interesting* :—

"In spite of your laudations of my poor contributions to your volume of 'Reminiscences,' which, you are aware, it was my wish, in the first instance, should be given to the world, if given at all, without any mention of my name, I have been induced, in compliance with your request, to send you some

additional scraps for the supplementary volume which you have now in hand. From these you can select anything that suits your purpose. I am, afraid, however, that there may be some feelings of restraint on me from knowing the fact, that I am not only writing to you, but, through you, to the public.

"The question has sometimes been put to me, What is the use of your 'Reminiscences?' To this I have only time to answer, in the true style of a Scotchman, by putting another question, 'What is the use of two-thirds of the publications of the present day?'

"In looking over what I formerly wrote on 'Funerals,' I wish to supply an unaccountable omission. Something ought to have been said of our cemeteries, and of the improvements that are going forward with respect to the in our own day.[1] Nothing could well be more discreditable than the state in which they were universally, in my younger years,—and some types of the olden times still remain among us. It hard to explain how all classes should have so long satisfied with a state of things so unworthy of our country. One thing is certain, that it cannot be ascribed to

[1] It will be seen that I have anticipated Dr. Clason's proposal (page 2, etc.).

any *indifference* about the ashes of the dead. We never were indifferent. In fact, there is nothing about which even the humblest classes among us are more jealous, than that the remains of their kindred shall be undisturbed, and *that* every one has been made to feel, who, like myself, has taken in hand to make improvements in a churchyard. I have heard quiet and worthy men speak of the body-lifters, or 'all-night-men,' as they were wont to be called when their occupation was in vogue, with a ferocity in striking contrast to their ordinary bearing and character. Perhaps you will allow me to give an illustration of this feeling of respect for the dead. It occurred many years ago, during my residence as a minister in a country parish. A young woman, the eldest of a family of daughters, died,—the mother was a widow. They were in easy circumstances, and dwelt much alone. Well do I remember the circumstances. It was the time when Scottish hearts were astir, for George the Fourth held his Court at Holyrood, and towards the ancient palace the steps or the movements of dwellers in town and country were bent. But in the widow's house of mourning there was only one engrossing thought and care,—and that was, that the mortal remains of the beloved one who had so lately left it should lie undisturbed in their resting

place. They sought no help from neighbours,—they communed alone,—and the issue was, that the second danghter, a talented, energetic, and somewhat eccentric girl, regularly went out at the darkening, and made her bed beside her sister's grave. This she continued to do till all apprehension of danger was removed.

"It is now my purpose to write something, *first*, of social changes; *secondly*, of changes in certain religious observances among the Presbyterians.

"I. Social Changes.—1. On this head we have great cause to congratulate our medical friends on the high and influential position to which *their* profession has now attained in our country parishes as well as towns. Sorry am I to record, that in the earlier part of the present century their honours were, to a large extent, divided between the gardeners and the village blacksmith. Not that the regular practitioners were altogether overlooked, but those who called them in were generally sneered at as 'the big folk.' A kind friend of mine in early life, an M.D., had a gardener, to whom the title of Doctor was as regularly given as to his master. Nay more, he was called Doctor and Chow, or Inshow. The meaning of the latter appellation I never understood. Happy man he! he inherited

his degree from his father, and his diploma was attested by the universal consent of the world in which he lived. Having never put myself into the hand either of gardener or smith, I can say nothing of their skill; but they professed to bleed and blister, to cure rheumatism, to pull teeth, etc., etc. The gardener had herbs ready at hand for various affections, and the smith had pincers—remedies for the diseases of horses and cattle—and why should they not be made available for the cure of human beings? True, the wrong tooth might sometimes be extracted, but the apology was always ready—'The best will make a mistak'!'

"2. Every one who knows anything of the history of this country since the beginning of the present century, must be aware of the change that has taken place in social and domestic life, in consequence of the rapid progress of agriculture and of arts. It is not needful to enlarge on the subject; but it is interesting to advert to the fact. Formerly the farmers reared their own flax, the lint was prepared, the heckler was called for, and the little spinning-wheel was plied, for the manufacture of thread, by the females of the family. The village weaver accomplished the rest, and the linen, coarse or fine, was sent home to be bleached by the housewife, and turned to practical use by the younger

females. So in regard to the more substantial dress. The wool was gathered from the flocks, it was teased (a fine play for the younger children), and the large wheel, over which the guidwife presided, was called into requisition. Her work done, the dyer and the weaver completed the process. But ere the guidman and the bairns could appear in the kirk or at market fully equipped in new suits and substantial clothing, another official must be called in—the tailor. At that time the work was not sent to him, but he went to his work in the farmhouse. This circumstance made him a man of some authority and importance, for he had a discretionary power to give the earliest visits to those families whom he preferred. On this account it was always deemed prudent to be kind to him. He lived as the family did, and the fare was not worse when the tailor came. On the other hand, he was always on honour,—no telling of tales out of the house, while he had the full privilege of making himself agreeable within the walls—a song to the young, and all manner of grave questions discussed with those who resorted to him. Moreover, it was considered as quite within the rules that he should resort to a sly practical joke, for that promoted the hilarity of the family. For instance, the Lady Pendreich, who was rich but stingy, had shewn an inclination somewhat to econo-

mise her fare. On one occasion she complained that the eggs were too hard. 'Never mind,' quoth the tailor, 'we'll make them saft wi' butter.' Next day they were too soft,—'Never mind, we'll make them thick wi' butter.' Another day he had dined quite to his satisfaction, but still, though the fare was good, he had taken a wonderful longing for a *dram*. None, however, was offered, and so he set to his work; but soon, in handling his goose, he cried out that he had burnt his fingers, and could work no more that day. The lady was in great distress, for her affairs were urgent, and for once her economy failed her. What was to be done? He cried for the whisky bottle and a cup. These were readily tendered, and now the field was his own. He calmly filled the cup to the brim, and having drained it, he turned to the lady and politely said,—'We'll let the saw [1] seek the sair, Mem!'

"Such was the tailor in former days,—the parish was his world, and he had a fair opportunity of taking a gage of the character and hospitalities of all its inhabitants.

"II. But I must now turn to graver matters. When I promised to say something of 'Presbyterian

[1] Salve or ointment.

Observances,' my purpose was to take up a variety of points in which there has been a marked change within our own memory; but, on second thoughts, I think it better to confine myself to one particular, namely, to the manner in which the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was formerly dispensed among the Presbyterians of this country;—and, in writing on this point, I crave the candid attention of your readers.

"It is well known, that through the whole of last century, and for nearly the first quarter of the present, the usage was, when the Lord's Supper was celebrated in any particular parish, to invite the ministers and inhabitants of the parishes adjacent to unite in observing the holy ordinance. This arrangement took its rise, not from any disrespect to the division of the country into *parishes*, for our forefathers knew as well as ourselves the manifold benefits, political, social, economic, and spiritual, resulting from it. The very reverse was the case,—and it is somewhat interesting to mark how anxiously the General Assembly watched lest the parochial tie should be weakened or broken. It is also noteworthy that this measure was not specially suggested and adopted by any particular party,—it was simultaneously acquiesced in by all sections of the church, and it was as firmly clung to by the Moderate

clergy as by those who were opposed to them,—of which I have ample evidence.

"The question then comes to be, how such a practice took its rise without the interposition of any ecclesiastical authority, and I apprehend we cannot rightly dispose of it unless we take into account what was the condition of our country immediately after the Revolution. Those intrusted with the spiritual interests of Scotland could not then have done their duty, unless they had done their utmost to promote a catholic spirit. Allusion has already been made to parochial animosities that then prevailed, but we must take into account the causes that produced them. The country was broken into fragments. Among the clergy there were those who had been antecedently ministers of the Episcopal church, but who had conformed to Presbyterianism,—there were others who had accepted the indulgence,—and there were others, few in number indeed, who had never in any way owned the Government of the Stuarts. Among the people, there were those who under the former reign had been steady conformists, and who, it may be supposed, still retained their preference for the Episcopal church;—and there was no doubt an inveterate grudge between those who had taken the indulgence and those who had scorned to own the dethroned

dynasty in any way. Again, it is well known that there were at that time in the country hosts of 'Masterful Beggars,' and others who set all law at defiance, and whom it seemed to the wisest politician in our land a hopeless task to reduce to habits of good order by the use of any ordinary means. How, then, were all these disorderly elements to be fused into one coherent mass. The task was a hard one, and it seems to me that the measures that the church devised for accomplishing her part of the work were salutary and wise. It is very easy for us to heap reproaches on the memory of our forefathers, as if they had lent themselves to be the patrons of disorder in ecclesiastical affairs; but let us cease to blame till we have found out in what way we could, under their circumstances, have done better. The ministers and church members of adjoining parishes were invited to meet together, to forget former differences, and to join in the great Gospel banquet. There were many accordingly that came to the feast,—the parish churches could not accommodate them, and so a temporary pulpit was erected in the open air, and they were addressed by successive ministers till they had, in turn, the opportunity of joining in the peculiar services of the day. It is granted that many were present at the open air services who came without any other purpose than to

hear, and of those there were doubtless some who had hitherto lived without the pale of any church, but there were not wanting instances in which 'The fool that came to scoff remained to pray.'

"It has no doubt been long the fashion in certain quarters to represent the communion season as mere scenes of confusion and excess, sanctioned by Church authority; and it is granted that as the bad men often mixed with the good, the assemblies must, on this account, present themselves in two aspects. On the one hand, the light-hearted and profane would too often indulge in levity and excess, while, on the other hand, devout and serious men welcomed them as seasons of joy and peace, which they really were to many.

"This is too long a preface to my reminiscences, but it seemed to me unavoidable. Like others of my age, I was familiar with all the peculiarities of a Scottish Communion Sabbath from my early years; I saw its beauties and its blemishes. There was much levity among the young and careless, and much gravity among the thoughtful and serious. I now refer to the open air services. The fact that the auditors were of a character so mixed, fully warranted a variety in the sermons delivered. There were full statements of the Gospel, and the consolation resulting from it. There were

solemn warnings to the wicked, and tender appeals to those who were about to adjourn to the church in order to join in the communion service. Those who communicated were by no means exclusively persons from adjoining parishes. There were others who came from *far*, but who had old hereditary ties to the church, which they delighted to revisit. They sat with their children by the graves of their forefathers, and heard the Word of God, and in due time entered the sanctuary to commemorate the love of their ever-living Lord.

"Believe me, this is no fancied picture, but is drawn from the life. As to the use of the refreshments provided for these occasions, I can speak from accurate information and acquaintance. There were, alas! instances of extravagance and excess on the part of some at least in the mixed multitude assembled—these were spots in the feast of love—but in regard to all those who had any regard to character, any respect for decency, the case was far otherwise. In our early years we went to the neighbouring communion—all the world went—we were careful not to look near the manse, for obvious reasons of delicacy and consideration, but there were always some of the farmers ready to take us under their charge, in the way of providing refreshment. It was a frugal banquet, but

suitable for every good purpose. In regard to the conversation, it was grave, without any constraint; there was some reference, of course, amongst the speakers, to what they had heard and done, but there was no parade, no grimace.

"Many of your readers will doubtless think that I have been altogether one-sided, and extravagantly favourable in the description of the Scottish Communion Sabbath in former days, and I will readily own this if they will join with me in lamenting that the author of 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' saw nothing in the scene before him but what furnished matter for a lampoon unworthy of his genius. Why was this so? Alas! it is a sad story, but it has now been told with stern fidelity. A number of the clergy in his neighbourhood had imbibed Socinian opinions, but there were men on the opposite side who were far more than a match for them, and so, when argument failed, the beaten party had no recourse but to hound on the man of genius to pour on their adversaries his profane and coarse invectives. How Burns felt the downfall of the faction he served we are not told. But the subject is unworthy of farther notice, and only deserves to be attended to as it explains what has always appeared to me a mystery in the history of the works of Burns.

"Although the poetry of Burns speedily found its way into the hands of every one, yet it does not appear that the peculiar observances connected with the Lord's Supper at the time were in any way disturbed by what he had written. It is not very likely that devout men would be scared from the enjoyment of a valued privilege by one who had so little title to regard in religious matters at least, on account either of his principles or character. Nay, it is probable that the description he gave of the abuses that prevailed, may have induced many who had some regard to propriety and decorum to abstain from taking part in scenes that would only bring discredit on their name. So that the Communion Sabbath, as I saw it in youth, may have been a fair representation of what it was early in last century.

"But the time came when there was an entire change in the public feelings and habits. How far this resulted from the economic revolution already referred to, viz., the breaking of the small farms, and the dispersion of families among our towns and cities, when they earned for themselves, in the prosecution of business or of the useful arts, a far more ample provision than the little holdings they had cultivated could afford, it is hardly worth while to inquire. The Lord's Supper began to be more frequently celebrated in country parishes, and from

this and other causes, the consequence ensued, that very few of the people thought of communicating with other congregations than their own. My country parishioners were wont to tell me of the vast crowds from a distance that visited Carmunnock in their early days at the sacrament season. They came on the Saturday—found lodgings in the village or neighbouring farm-houses—in the evening the families resorted in groups to the braes and the fields adjacent for their household devotion, and they described how solemnizing it was to hear the evening song of praise ascending to God from the scattered multitudes. But long ere I was settled all that had passed away. Few came to unite with us in the sacred service, and none came from a distance. The open air worship was still kept up, but those who assembled with the professed purpose of joining in it were too often heedless and disorderly, because no longer restrained by the presence of the multitude of devout and serious persons, so that there were some cases of excess and riot occasionally among the young. The position of the parish so near Glasgow, and in the neighbourhood of many populous villages and public works, peculiarly exposed us to the evil results which too often arise from promiscuous assemblages at all times. We had no resource, therefore, but to discontinue the field

worship, and I believe that the vast majority, if not the whole of our country parishes, owned the necessity of the change. Still some of the more aged worthies were sad at heart, because they remembered the glory of former days, which now was the more manifest than in the case of the gifted and devout lady to whom I have already referred in former communications.[1] The neighbouring parishes soon followed our example, and now the old Scottish communion Sabbath is, so far as the Lowlands are concerned, only a reminiscence. Still, when we look back to these religious solemnities, let us honour the wisdom and piety of our forefathers in the arrangements they made for trying times; let us remember that the churchyards of our land, where the Word of God was preached, were embalmed in the memory of many a Scotsman as the spots where they drew the first spiritual breath, and first tasted the pleasures of devotion, and let no man henceforth, who has any claim to a christian character, speak of the old Scottish communion Sabbath as a 'Holy Fair.'"

There is no class of men which stands out more prominent in the Reminiscences of the last hundred years than that of our SCOTTISH JUDGES.

[1] Lady Stuart of Castlemilk. See page 225, 7th edition.

They form, in many instances, a type or representative of the leading *peculiarities* of Scottish life and manners. They are mixed up with all our affairs, social and political. There are to be found in the annals of the bench rich examples of pure Scottish humour, the strongest peculiarity of Scottish phraseology, acuteness of intellect, cutting wit, eccentricity of manners, and abundant powers of conviviality. Their successors no longer furnish the same anecdotes of oddity or of intemperance. The Courts of the Scottish Parliament house, without lacking the learning or the law of those who sat there sixty years ago, lack not the refinement and the dignity that have long distinguished the Courts of Westminster Hall.

Stories still exist, traditionary in society, amongst its older members, regarding Lords Gardenstone, Monboddo, Hermand, Newton, Polkemmet, Braxfield, etc. But many younger persons do not know them. It may be interesting to some of my readers to devote a few pages on the subject, and to offer some judicial gleanings.[1]

[1] I have derived some information from a curious book, "Kay's Portraits," 2 vols. The work is scarcely known in England, and is becoming scarce in Scotland. "Nothing can be more valuable in the way of engraved portraits than these representations of the distinguished men who adorned Edinburgh in the latter part of the 18th century."—*Chambers.*

Of Lord Gardenstone (Francis Garden) I have many early *personal* reminiscences, as his property of Johnstone was in the Howe of the Mearns, not far from Fasque. He was a man of energy, and promoted improvements in the county with skill and practical sagacity. His favourite scheme was to establish a flourishing town upon his property, and he spared no pains or expense in promoting the importance of his village of Laurencekirk. He built an excellent inn, to render it a stage for posting. He built and endowed an Episcopal chapel for the benefit of his English immigrants, in the vestry of which he placed a most respectable library, and he encouraged manufacturers of all kinds to settle in the place. Amongst others, a *hatter* came to reconnoitre, and ascertain its capabilities for exercising his calling. But when, on going to public worship on Sunday after his arrival, he found only *three* hats in the kirk, viz., the minister's, Lord Gardenstone's and his own—the rest of the congregation all wearing the old flat Lowland bonnet—he soon went off, convinced that Laurencekirk was no place for hatters to thrive in. He was much taken up with his hotel or inn, and for which he provided a large volume for receiving the written contributions of travellers who frequented it. It was the landlady's business to present this volume to the guests and ask them

to write in it, during the evenings, whatever occurred to their memory or their imagination. In the mornings it was a favourite amusement of Lord Gardenstone to look it over. I recollect Sir Walter Scott being much taken with this contrivance, and his asking me about it at Abbotsford. His son said to him, "You should establish such a book, sir, at Melrose;" upon which Sir W. replied, "No, Walter, I should just have to see a great deal of abuse of myself." On his son deprecating such a result, and on his observing my surprised look, he answered, "Well, well, I should have to read a great deal of foolish praise, which is much the same thing." There is another lingering reminiscence which I retain connected with the inn at Laurencekirk. The landlord, Mr. Cream, was a man well known throughout all the county, and was distinguished, in his late years, as one of the few men who continued to wear a *pigtail*. On one occasion the late Lord Dunmore (grandfather or great-grandfather of the present peer), who also still wore his queue, halted for a night at Laurencekirk. On the host leaving the room, where he had come to take orders for supper, Lord Dunmore turned to his valet and said, "Johnstone, do I look as like a fool in my pigtail as Billy Cream does?"—"Much about it, my lord," was the valet's imperturbable

answer. "Then," said his lordship, "cut off mine to-morrow morning when I dress."

Lord Gardenstone seemed to have had two favourite tastes: he indulged in the love of pigs and the love of snuff. He took a young pig as a pet, and it became quite tame, and followed him about like a dog. At first the animal shared his bed, but when growing up to advanced swinehood, it became unfit for such companionship, he had it to sleep in his room, in which he made a comfortable couch for it of his own clothes. His snuff he kept not in a box, but in a leathern waist-pocket made for the purpose. He took it in enormous quantities, and used to say that if he had a dozen noses he would feed them all. Lord Gardenstone died 1793.

Lord Monboddo (James Burnett, Esq. of Monboddo) is another of the well-known members of the Scottish Bench, who combined, with many eccentricities of opinion and habits, great learning and a most amiable disposition. From his paternal property being in the county of Kincardine, and Lord M. being a visitor at my father's house, and indeed a relation or clansman, I have many early reminiscences of stories which I have heard of the learned judge. His speculations regarding the origin of the human race have, in times past, excited much interest and amusement. His theory

was, that man emerged from a wild and savage condition, much resembling that of apes; that man had then a tail like other animals, but which, by progressive civilization and the constant habit of *sitting*, had become obsolete. This theory produced many a joke from facetious and superficial people, who had never read any of the arguments of an elaborate work, by which the ingenious and learned author maintained his theory.[1] Lord Kames, a brother judge, had a hit at it. On some occasion of their meeting, Lord Monboddo was for giving Lord Kames the precedency. Lord K. declined, and drew back, saying, "By no means, my lord; you must walk first that I may *see your tail*." I recollect Lord Monboddo's coming to dine at Fasque caused a great excitement of interest and curiosity. I was in the nursery, too young to take part in the investigations; but my elder brothers were on the alert to watch his arrival, and get a glimpse of his tail. Lord M. was really a learned man, read Greek and Latin authors—not as a mere exercise of classical scholarship—but because he identified himself with their philosophical opinions, and would have revived Greek customs and modes of life. He used to give suppers after the manner of the ancients, and used to astonish his guests by

[1] Origin and Progress of Language.

the ancient cookery of Spartan broth, and of *mulsum*. He was an enthusiastical Platonist. On a visit to Oxford, he was received with great respect by the scholars of the University, who were much interested in meeting with one who had studied Plato, as a pupil and follower. In accordance with the old custom at learned universities, Lord Monboddo was determined to address the Oxonians in Latin, which he spoke with much readiness. But they could not stand the numerous attacks upon the head of Priscian. Lord Monboddo shocked the ears of the men of Eton and of Winchester by dreadful false quantities—verse-making being, in Scotland, then quite neglected, and a matter little thought of by the learned judge.

Lord Monboddo was considered an able lawyer, and on many occasions exhibited a very clear and correct judicial discernment of intricate cases. It was one of his peculiarities that he never sat on the bench with his brother judges, but always at the clerk's table. Different reasons for this practice have been given, but the simple fact seems to have been, that he was deaf, and heard better at the lower seat. His mode of travelling was on horseback. He scorned carriages, on the ground of its being unmanly to "sit in a box drawn by brutes." When he went to London he rode the whole way.

At the same period, the late Mr. Barclay of Ury (father of the late laird), when he represented Kincardineshire in Parliament, always *walked* to London. He was a very powerful man, and could walk fifty miles a day, his usual refreshment on the road being a bottle of Port wine, poured into a bowl, and drunk off at a draught. I have heard that George III. was much interested at these performances, and said "I ought to be proud of my Scottish subjects, when my judges *ride*, and my members of Parliament *walk* to the metropolis."

On one occasion of his being in London, Lord Monboddo attended a trial in the Court of King's Bench. A cry was heard that the roof of the court-room was giving way, upon which judges, lawyers, and people made a rush to get to the door. Lord Monboddo viewed the scene from his corner with much composure. Being deaf and short-sighted, he knew nothing of the cause of the tumult. The alarm proved a false one; and on being asked why he had not bestirred himself to escape like the rest, he coolly answered that he supposed it was an *annual ceremony* with which, as an alien to the English laws, he had no concern, but which he considered it interesting to witness as a remnant of antiquity. Lord Monboddo died 1799.

Lord Rockville (the Hon. Alexander Gordon,

third son of the Earl of Aberdeen) was a judge distinguished in his day by his ability and decorum. "He adorned the bench by the dignified manliness of his appearance, and polished urbanity of his manners."[1] Like most lawyers of his time, he took his glass freely, and a whimsical account which he gave, before he was advanced to the bench, of his having fallen upon his face, after making too free with the bottle, was commonly current at the time. Upon his appearing rather late at a convivial club with a most rueful expression of countenance, and on being asked what was the matter, he exclaimed with great solemnity, "Gentlemen, I have just met with the most extraordinary adventure that ever occurred to a human being. As I was walking along the Grassmarket, all of a sudden *the street rose up and struck me on the face.*" He had, however, a more serious *encounter* with the street after he was a judge. In 1792, his foot slipped as he was going to the Parliament House, he broke his leg, was taken home, fevered, and died.

Lord Braxfield (Robert M'Queen of Braxfield) was one of the judges of the old school, well known in his day, and might be said to possess all the qualities united, by which the class were remarkable. He spoke the broadest Scotch. He was a sound

[1] Douglas' Peerage, vol. i., p. 22.

and laborious lawyer. He was fond of a glass of good claret, and had a great fund of good Scotch humour. He rose to the dignity of Justice-Clerk, and, in consequence, presided at many important political criminal trials about the year 1793-4, such as those of Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, Gerrold, etc. He conducted these trials with much ability and great firmness, occasionally, no doubt, with more appearance of severity and personal prejudice than is usual with the judges who in later times are called on to preside on similar occasions. The disturbed temper of the times and the daring spirit of the political offenders seemed, he thought, to call for a bold and fearless front on the part of the judge, and Braxfield was the man to shew it, both on the bench and in common life. He met, however, sometimes with a spirit as bold as his own from the prisoners before him. When Skirving was on trial for sedition, he thought Braxfield was threatening him, and by gesture endeavouring to intimidate him; accordingly, he boldly addressed the bench:—"It is altogether unavailing for your Lordship to menace me, for I have long learnt to fear not the face of man." I have observed that he adhered to the *broadest* Scottish dialect. "Hae ye ony coonsel, man?" he said to Maurice Margarot (who, I believe, was an Englishman). "No," was the reply. "Div

ye want to hae ony appinted?" "No," replied Margarot; "I only want an *interpreter* to make me understand what your Lordship says." Braxfield had much humour, and enjoyed wit in others. He was immensely delighted at a reply by Dr. M'Cubbin, the minister of Bothwell. Braxfield, when Justice-Clerk, was dining at Lord Douglas', and observed there was only port upon the table. In his usual off-hand brusque manner, he demanded of the noble host if "there was nae claret i' the castle." "Yes," said Lord Douglas; "but my butler tells me it is not good." "Let's pree't," said Braxfield, in his favourite dialect. A bottle was produced, and declared by all present to be quite excellent. "Noo, minister," said the old judge, addressing Dr. M'Cubbin, who was celebrated as a wit in his day, "as a *fama clamosa* has gone forth against this wine, I propose that you *absolve* it,"—playing upon the terms made use of in the Scottish Church Courts. "Ay, my Lord," said the minister, "you are first-rate authority for a case of civil or criminal law, but you do not quite understand our Church Court practice. We never absolve *till after three several appearances*." The wit and the condition of absolution were alike relished by the judge. Lord Braxfield closed a long and useful life in 1799.

Of Lord Hermand we have spoken on several

occasions, and his name has become in some manner identified with that conviviality which marked almost as a characteristic the Scottish bench of his time. He gained, however, great distinction as a judge, and was a capital lawyer. When at the bar, Lords Newton and Hermand were great friends, and many were the convivial meetings they enjoyed together. But Lord Hermand outlived all his old last-century contemporaries, and formed with Lord Balgray what we may consider the connecting links between the past and the present race of Scottish lawyers.

We could scarcely perhaps offer a more marked difference between habits *once* tolerated on the bench and those which now distinguish the august seat of senators of justice than by quoting, from Kay's Portraits, vol. ii., p. 278, a sally of Lord Balmuto (Claud Boswell), which he played off, when sitting as judge, upon a young friend whom he was determined to frighten. "On one occasion, a young counsel was addressing him on some not very important point that had arisen in the division of a common (or commonty, according to law phraseology), when, having made some bold averment, Balmuto exclaimed, 'That's a lee, Jemmie.' 'My lord!' ejaculated the amazed barrister. 'Ay, ay, Jemmie; I see by your face ye're leeing.' 'Indeed, my lord, I am not.' 'Dinna tell me that; it's no

in your memorial (brief)—awa wi' you;' and, overcome with astonishment and vexation, the discomfited barrister left the bar. Lord Balmuto thereupon chuckled with infinite delight; and beckoning to the clerk who attended on the occasion, he said, 'Are ye no Rabbie H——'s man?' 'Yes, my lord.' 'Was na Jemmie —— leeing?' 'Oh no, my lord.' 'Ye're quite sure?' 'Oh yes.' 'Then just write out what you want, and I'll sign it; my faith, but I made Jemmie stare.' So the decision was dictated by the clerk, and duly signed by the judge, who left the bench highly diverted with the fright he had given his young friend.' Such scenes enacted in Court *now* would astonish the present generation, both of lawyers and of suitors.

These references to peculiarities and eccentricities in Scottish judges may not unsuitably form an introduction to the mention of a Court of Session *jeu d'esprit*, which was well known and popular in its day, but which may not be so familiar to some of my younger readers. It is generally believed to be the production of the late accomplished Lord Corehouse (George Cranstoun), and is considered a happy burlesque upon the manner and professional peculiarities of several of the judges already mentioned. The editor of Kay's Portraits well observes that it is in caricature, but entirely without

rancour or any feeling of a malevolent nature towards those whom he represents as giving judgment in the "Diamond Beetle case." The involved phraseology of Lord Bannatyne—the predilection for Latin quotation of Lord Meadowbank—the brisk manner of Lord Hermand—the anti-Gallic feeling of Lord Craig—the broad dialect of Lords Polkemmet and Balmuto—and the hesitating manner of Lord Methven, are admirably caricatured :—[1]

"NOTES taken at advising the ACTION of DEFAMATION and DAMAGES, ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, Jeweller in Edinburgh, against JAMES RUSSELL, Surgeon there.

"LORD PRESIDENT (SIR ILAY CAMPBELL)—Your Lordships have the petition of Alexander Cunningham against Lord Bannatyne's interlocutor. It is a case of defamation and damages for calling the petitioner's *Diamond Beetle* an *Egyptian Louse*. You have the Lord Ordinary's distinct interlocutor on pages 29 and 30 of this petition :—'Having considered the Condescendence of the pursuer, Answers for the defender,' and so on; 'Finds, in respect that it is not alleged that the diamonds on the back of the Diamond Beetle are real diamonds, or any thing but shining spots,

[1] The version which I have given of this amusing burlesque has been revised by Mr. Pagan, Cupar-Fife, and corrected from his own manuscript copy, which he had procured from authentic sources about forty years ago.

such as are found on other Diamond Beetles, which likewise occur, though in a smaller number, on a great number of other Beetles, somewhat different from the Beetle libelled, and similar to which there may be Beetles in Egypt, with shining spots on their backs, which may be termed Lice there, and may be different not only from the common Louse, but from the Louse mentioned by Moses as one of the plagues of Egypt, which is admitted to be a filthy troublesome Louse, even worse than the said Louse, which is clearly different from the Louse libelled. But that the other Louse is the same with, or similar to, the said Beetle, which is also the same with the other Beetle; and although different from the said Beetle libelled, yet, as the said Beetle is similar to the other Beetle, and the said Louse to the said other Louse libelled; and the other Louse to the other Beetle, which is the same with, or similar to, the Beetle, which somewhat resembles the Beetle libelled; assoilzies the defender, and finds expenses due.'

"Say away, my Lords.

"Lord Meadowbank—This is a very intricate and puzzling question, my Lord. I have formed no decided opinion; but at present I am rather inclined to think the interlocutor is right, though not upon the *ratio* assigned in it. It appears to me that there are two points for consideration: *First*, Whether the words libelled amount to a *convicium* against the Beetle; and, *Secondly*, Admitting the *convicium*, whether the pursuer is entitled to found upon it in this action. Now, my Lords, if there be a *convicium* at all, it consists in the *comparatio* or comparison of the *Scarabæus* or Beetle with the Egyptian *Pediculus* or *Louse*. My first doubt

regards this point, but it is not at all founded on what the defender alleges, that there is no such animal as an Egyptian *Pediculus* or *Louse* in *rerum natura;* for though it does not *actually* exist, it may *possibly* exist (if not in *actio*, yet in *potentia*, if not in actuality, yet in potentiality or capacity); and whether its existence be in *esse vel posse*, is the same thing to this question, provided there be *termini habiles* for ascertaining what it would be if it did exist. But my doubt is here. How am I to discover what are the *essentia* of any Louse, whether Egyptian or not? It is very easy to describe its accidents as a naturalist would do—to say that it belongs to the tribe of *aptera* (or that it is a yellow, little, greedy, filthy, despicable reptile)—but we do not learn from this what the *proprium* of the animal is in a logical sense, and still less what its *differentia* are. Now, without these, it is impossible to judge whether there is a *convicium* or not; for, in a case of this kind, which *sequitur naturam delicti*, we must take them *meliori sensu*, and presume the *comparatio* to be *in melioribus tantum*. And here I beg that parties, and the bar in general—[interrupted by Lord Hermand, *Your Lordship should address yourself to the Chair*]—I say—I beg it may be understood that I do not rest my opinion on the ground that *veritas convicii excusat*. I am clear that although this Beetle actually were an Egyptian Louse, it would afford no relevant defence, provided the calling it so were a *convicium;* and there my doubt lies.

"With regard to the second point, I am satisfied that the *Scarabæus* or Beetle itself has no *persona standi in*

judicio; and therefore the pursuer cannot insist in the name of the *Scarabæus*, or for his behoof. If the action lie at all, it must be at the instance of the pursuer himself, as the *verus dominus* of the *Scarabæus*, for being calumniated through the *convicium* directed primarily against the animal standing in that relation to him. Now, abstracting from the qualification of an actual *dominium*, which is not alleged, I have great doubts whether a mere *convicium* is necessarily transmitted from one object to another, through the relation of a *dominium* subsisting between them; and, if not necessarily transmissible, we must see the principle of its actual transmission here; and that has not yet been pointed out.

"Lord Hermand—We heard a little ago, my Lord, that there is a difficulty in this case; but I have not been fortunate enough, for my part, to find out where the difficulty lies. Will any man presume to tell me that a Beetle is not a Beetle, and that a Louse is not a Louse? I never saw the petitioner's Beetle; and what's more, I don't care whether I ever see it or not, but I suppose it's like other Beetles, and that's enough for me.

"But, my Lord, I know the other reptile well. I have seen them, I have felt them, my Lord, ever since I was a child in my mother's arms; and my mind tells me that nothing but the deepest and blackest malice rankling in the human breast could have suggested this comparison, or led any man to form a thought so injurious and insulting. But, my Lord, there's more here than all that—a great deal more. One could have thought the defender would have gratified his spite to

the full by comparing the Beetle to a common Louse —an animal sufficiently vile and abominable for the purpose of defamation—[*Shut that door there*]—but he adds the epithet *Egyptian*, and I know well what he means by that epithet. He means, my Lord, a Louse that has been fattened on the head of a *Gipsy or Tinker* undisturbed by the comb or nail, and unmolested in the enjoyment of its native filth. He means a Louse grown to its full size, ten times larger, and ten times more abominable than those with which *your Lordships and I are familiar*. The petitioner asks redress for the injury so atrocious and so aggravated; and, as far as my voice goes, he shall not ask it in vain.

"Lord Craig—I am of the opinion last delivered. It appears to me to be slanderous and calumnious to compare a Diamond Beetle to the filthy and mischievous animal libelled. By an Egyptian Louse, I understand one which has been formed on the head of a native Egyptian —a race of men who, after degenerating for many centuries, have sunk at last into the abyss of depravity, in consequence of having been subjugated for a time by the French. I do not find that Turgot, or Condorcet, or the rest of the economists, ever reckoned the combing of the head a species of productive labour; and I conclude, therefore, that wherever French principles have been propagated, *Lice* grow to an immoderate size, especially in a warm climate like that of Egypt. I shall only add, that we ought to be sensible of the blessings we enjoy under a free and happy Constitution, where Lice and men live under the restraint of equal

laws—the only equality that can exist in a well-regulated state.

"Lord Polkemmet—It should be observed, my Lord, that what is called a Beetle is a reptile very well known in this country. I have seen mony ane o' them in Drumshorlin Muir; it is a little black beastie, about the size of my thoom nail. The country folks ca' them Clocks; and I believe, they ca' them also Maggy-wi'-the-mony-feet; but they are not the least like any Louse that ever I saw; so that, in my opinion, though the defender may have made a blunder through ignorance, in comparing them, there does not seem to have been any *animus injuriandi:* therefore I am for refusing the petition, my Lords.

"Lord Balmuto—'Am[1] for refusing the petition. There's more Lice than Beetles in Fife. They ca' them Clocks there. What they ca' a Beetle is a thing as lang as my arm; thick at the one end and sma' at the other. I thought, when I read the petition, that the Beetle or Bittle had been the thing that the women have when they are washing towels or napery with—things for dadding them with; and I see the petitioner is a jeweller till his trade; and I thought he had ane o' thae Beetles, and set it all round with diamonds; and I thought it a foolish and extravagant idea; and I saw no resemblance it could have to a Louse. But I find I was mistaken, my Lord; and I find it only a Beetle-clock the petitioner has; but my opinion's the same it was before. I say, my Lords, 'Am for refusing the petition, I say——

"Lord Woodhouselee—There is a case abridged in

[1] His Lordship usually pronounced *I am—Aum.*

the third volume of the Dictionary of Decisions, Chalmers *v.* Douglas, in which it was found, that *veritas convicii excusat*, which may be rendered not literally, but in a free and spirited manner, according to the most approved principles of translation, 'the truth of calumny affords a relevant defence.' If, therefore, it be the law of Scotland (which I am clearly of opinion it is), that the truth of the calumny affords a relevant defence—and if it be likewise true, that the Diamond Beetle is really an Egyptian Louse—I am inclined to conclude (though certainly the case is attended with difficulty) that the defender ought to be assoilzied.—*Refuse.*

"Lord Justice Clerk (Rae)—I am very well acquainted with the defender in this action, and have respect for him—and esteem him likewise. I know him to be a skilful and expert surgeon, and also a good man; and I would do a great deal to serve him or to be of use to him, if I had it in my power to do so. But I think on this occasion he has spoken rashly, and I fear foolishly and improperly. I hope he had no bad intention—I am sure he had not. But the petitioner (for whom I have likewise a great respect, because I knew his father, who was a very respectable baker in Edinburgh, and supplied my family with bread, and very good bread, it was, and for which his accounts were regularly discharged), it seems has a Clock or a Beetle, I think it is called a Diamond Beetle, which he is very fond of, and has a fancy for, and the defender has compared it to a Louse, or a Bug, or a Flea, or a worse thing of that kind, with a view to render it despicable or ridiculous, and the

petitioner so likewise, as the proprietor or owner thereof. It is said that this is a Louse *in fact*, and that the *veritas convicii excusat;* and mention is made of a decision in the case of Chalmers *v.* Douglas. I have always had a great veneration for the decisions of your Lordships; and I am sure will always continue to have while I sit here; but that case was determined by a very small majority, and I have heard your Lordships mention it on various occasions, and you have always desiderated the propriety of it, and I think have departed from it in some instances. I remember the circumstances of the case well;—Helen Chalmers lived in Musselburgh, and the defender, Mrs. Douglas, lived in Fisherrow; and at that time there was much intercourse between the genteel inhabitants of Fisherrow, and Musselburgh, and Inveresk, and likewise Newbigging; and there were balls, or dances, or assemblies, every fortnight or oftener, and also sometimes I believe every week; and there were card-parties, assemblies once a fortnight, or oftener; and the young people danced there also, and others played at cards, and there were various refreshments, such as tea and coffee, and butter and bread, and I believe, but I am not sure, porter and negus, and likewise small beer. And it was at one of these assemblies that Mrs. Douglas called Mrs. Chalmers very improper names. And Mrs. Chalmers brought an action of defamation before the Commissaries, and it came by advocation into this Court, and your Lordships allowed a proof of the *veritas convicii*, and it lasted a very long time, and in the end answered no good purpose even to the defender herself, while it did much hurt to the pur-

suer's character. I am therefore for REFUSING such a proof in this case; and I think the petitioner in this case and his Beetle have been slandered, and the petition ought to be seen.

"LORD METHVEN—If I understand this a—a—a—interlocutor, it is not said that the a—a—a—a—Egyptian Lice are Beetles, but that they may be, or —a—a—a—a—resemble Beetles. I am therefore for sending the process to the Ordinary to ascertain the fact, as I think it depends upon that whether there be a—a—a—a—*convicium* or not. I think also the petitioner should be ordained to a—a—a—produce his Beetle, and the defender an Egyptian Louse or *Pediculus*, and if he has not one, that he should take a diligence a—a—a—against havers to recover Lice of various kinds; and these may be remitted to Dr. Monro, or Mr. Playfair, or to some other naturalist, to report upon the subject.

"Agreed to."

The remaining articles in this volume being of a miscellaneous character, partly anecdote and partly historical, are inserted without much regard to method or arrangement.

As it has all along formed part of my object to record reminiscences of practices and customs recently become obsolete with us, I avail myself of some communications bearing upon this subject. The first is from a valued friend, the Rev. W. Gillespie, U.P. minister of Mary's Chapel, High Street,

from whom and from whose excellent lady I have many interesting communications.

Being in company lately with some foreign gentlemen from widely different parts of the world, the United States, Russia, India, etc., the conversation turned on slavery. And the curious fact was mentioned by Professor —— that a kind of serfdom actually existed in Scotland, in respect of farm-servants and colliers, up to a very recent date; hinds on farms being regarded as a sort of *adscriptæ glebæ*, a trace of the system being found in the use of the old term "*bondagers*," as applied to them in some parts of the country to this day; and colliers working in mines and born on the soil being actually considered and treated as slaves within the memory of men now living; and finally, that there are living men in the country who were once slaves. Now for the story. A man now living at Dixon's large collieries and iron-works near Glasgow, but whose native place was Fife, from whence he had been transferred twenty years before to the west, was asked why he had been sent to Glasgow. "Oh," he said with great simplicity, "my master niffered me for a pony."[1]

[1] Since this anecdote was in print, I find the fact fully corroborated by the authority of Mr. R. Chambers (Domestic Annals, vol. iii. p. 250). The restraints upon the personal

The second communication of this kind is from a Musselburgh correspondent, an eye-witness, whose reminiscences extend back for seventy years, and which describe what we trust is now an obsolete custom.

I stand from 1780, and the scenes witnessed and described as under, took place in 1786-1790, consequently very few are now living to authenticate my story. At the period stated, there was a provident benefit society of carters formed for the relief of their sick and indisposed members (and which it is believed still exists and thriving), and it was their practice on the head quarter in midsummer for the whole body to have a holiday, and which was designated in common parlance the Carter's or Whipman's Play, and was looked forward to with much anxiety by all.

On all such occasions it was the custom for each of the members to appear mounted on his best nag, saddled and bridled, well curried, and decorated, head, mane, and tail, more or less with ribbons. The principal himself, in his best suit—a large broad bonnet, stitched all over with ribbons of every colour, and obtained for the day from wife,

freedom of salters and colliers, remains of the *villainage* of the middle ages, were not put an end to till 1775, when a statute (15 Geo. III. 26) extinguished them.

sweetheart, or neighbour, and broad sash of same materials; also, when mounted, suspended at his left wrist, a wooden mallet, with a handle about thirty inches long, the purpose of which will be explained after. The place of rendezvous of the troop having been agreed on—generally a few miles in the country, having the advantage of a barn or such like accommodation, for lunching, drinking, or dancing, and a good public-house at no great distance—to which locality the whole party make off in procession, with colours flaunting, horses curvetting, and all in the best possible glee for a day's fun. That which at the time the writer witnessed was at the village of Nether Liberton, about two miles south of Edinburgh, then a large thriving populous place, where, upon a spot selected for the purpose, were erected two firm posts, stuck in the ground at about ten or twelve feet distance, a good height, and bound at top with a cross beam, thus forming a kind of arch. Midway on the cross beam hung by a rope of about three feet long, suspended by the bung-hole, a barrel or firkin of about two feet long in size. If it is asked, What of this barrel, to which all eyes are turned up, and such mighty preparations directed for? Could any one of the present day be made to believe that the members of such a society could originate, and that thousands

of citizens of all classes could witness with the greatest delight, the cruel torture of a poor animal —as in this said barrel was coopered up a live cat, with a large quantity of soot?

The method of torture, or eliciting the fun, as it was termed, was in this manner—viz., each mounted clown was required to march in procession under the archway, and on passing to strike with his mallet the end of the suspended barrel, which, if missed, was a *fine of sixpence.* The first stroke on the barrel of course sent it swinging considerably from the perpendicular; hence the difficulty of the next trooper to plant his hit (as it was required to *keep moving*); also, if he did hit, not to do so with too much vigour, lest he should stave the barrel, and thereby have the cat and soot down upon him and his horse—the great point of the tomfoolery of the day. Consequently the *fun* was in watching the alternate hitting and missing of each trooper as he advances and passes, which he has many times to do, returning to the charge in a circle, and lasting probably for an hour, till the last stroke causes the descent of poor puss and the soot on the *luckless clown* of the day.

The minor amusements were a race for probably a saddle, or so many horse-shoes; also, one or more foot-races for small sums, and then an

adjournment to the barn to demolish their store of cold lamb, beef, and mutton pies, with lots of ale, whisky, and punch ; then dancing and revelry till a late hour, thus spending a day that could not be properly designated *holy*, and which marks very strikingly the contrast of feeling and action of even the lowest classes of the present day.

The following is a curious example of a style of Scottish newspaper notices of marriages, now passed away, and in which the fortune and charms of the bride were more specifically registered than is done at present. It is from a very interesting collection of antiquarian gleanings from Aberdeenshire records, published in 1859, by Gavin Turreff, 46 High Street, Old Aberdeen, and was kindly communicated by Mr. Turreff himself :—

"Last Thursday, Sitton Cryr was married in this town to Miss Bell Forbes, daughter to the Hon. Sir Alexander Forbes of Foveran, a young lady of great beauty, and possessed of all the amiable virtues that can render happy the nuptial state."—*Aberdeen Journal*, 1750.

"Yesternight was married here Mr. Walter Cochran, depute town-clerk, to Miss Nelly Udny, daughter to James Udny, advocate, a young lady of distinguished merit and virtue."—*Ibid*, 1750.

"Last Tuesday, Alex. Aberdein of Cairnbulg,

late provost of this city, was married at Montrose to Miss Nelly Carnegie, sister to Sir James Carnegie of Pitarrow, a young lady of celebrated beauty and distinguished merit."—*Ibid*, 1750.

"On Wednesday last, James Cumming of Breda, Esq., was married to Miss Vera Chalmers, a most agreeable young lady, daughter to Provost Wm. Chalmers.—*Ibid*, 1748.

"We hear from London that George Turner of Wateridgemuir, sheriff-clerk for the county of Aberdeen, was last week married at St. Michael's, Cornhill, to Miss Peggy Cattanach of Aberdeen, a lady endowed with every amiable qualification."—*Ibid*, 1749.

"By a private letter from London, we learn that Robert Udny, merchant there, son to Mr. James Udny, advocate in this place, was married at Oxford on the 13th curt. to Miss Hougham, an agreeable young lady with a fortune of £6000."—*Ibid*, 1749.

"Same day was married Thomas Forbes of Tillienaught, Esq., to Miss Christian Cumming, eldest daughter of George Cumming, Esq. of Pitullie, a most beautiful and agreeable young lady."—*Ibid*, 1757.

"Last Sunday night was married Dr. Alex. Rose, physician in this city, to Miss Nelly Middle-

ton, daughter to the late Captain Alex. Middleton, comptroller of the customs at this port, and niece to Brigadier-General John Middleton of Seaton, a young lady of distinguished beauty and superlative merit."—*Ibid*, 1755.

The following might have been added as examples of the dry humorous manner in which our countrymen and countrywomen sometimes treat matters with which they have to deal, even when serious ones :—

An itinerant vendor of wood in Aberdeen having been asked how his wife was, replied, "O she's fine, I hae ta'en her tae Banchory;" and on it being innocently remarked that the change of air would do her good, he looked up, and, with a half smile, said, "Hoot, she's i' the kirkyard."

The well-known aversion of the Scotch to hearing *read* sermons has often led to amusing occurrences. One indulged pastor in a country district was permitted so far to transgress the rule, as to be allowed notes, which never in number exceeded three, and which of course were—"1st, 2d, thirdly, and lastly." One Sabbath afternoon, having exhausted both firstly and secondly, he came to the termination of his discourse; but, unfortunately, the manuscript was awanting. In vain efforts to seek the missing paper, he repeated "thirdly and lastly"

ad nauseam to his hearers. At last one, cooler than the others, rose, and nodding to the minister, observed, "Deed, sir, if I'm no mista'en, I sā 'thirdly and lastly' fā oūr the poopit stairs."

A man who had had four wives, and who meditated a fifth time entering the marriage state, was conversing with his friend on the subject, who was rather disposed to banter him a little upon his past matrimonial schemes, as having made a good deal of *money* by his wives,—"Na, na," he replied, "they cam' t' me wi' auld kists,[1] and I sent them hame i' new anes."

The two following are from a correspondent who heard them told by the late Dr. Barclay the anatomist, to whom reference has been made, p. 63 of this volume:—

A country laird, at his death, left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live very amicably together for many years. At length one said to the other, "Tam, we're getting auld now, you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share o' the grund." "Na, John, you're the youngest and maist active, you'll tak' a wife, and when I dee you'll get my share." "Od," says John, "Tam, that's just the way wi' you whan there's ony *fash or trouble*. The deevil a thing you'll do at a'."

[1] Chests.

A country clergyman, who was not on the most friendly terms with one of his heritors who resided in Stirling, and annoyed the minister by delay in paying the teinds, found it necessary to make him understand that his proportion of stipend must be paid so soon as it became due. The heritor sent it next term punctual to the time. When the messenger was introduced to the minister, he asked who he was, remarking, that he thought he had seen him before. "I am the hangman of Stirling, sir." "Oh, just so, take a seat till I write you a receipt." It was evident that the laird had chosen this medium of communication with the minister as an affront, and to shew his spite. The minister, however, turned the tables upon him, sending back an acknowledgment for the payment in these terms:—"Received from Mr. ——, by the hands of the hangman of Stirling, *his doer*,[1] the sum of," etc. etc.

The following story of pulpit criticism by a beadle, used to be told, I am assured, by the late Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson:—

A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like

[1] In Scotland it is usual to term the law-agent or man of business of any party, his "doer."

the sermon to-day?" "I watna', sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me. I like thae sermons best that jumbles the joodgement and confounds the sense: Od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

The epithet "canny" has frequently been applied to our countrymen, not in a severe or invidious spirit, but as indicating a due regard to personal interest and safety. In the larger edition of Jamieson (see edition of 1840) I find there are no fewer than eighteen meanings given of this word. The following extract from a provincial paper, which has been sent me, will furnish a good illustration. It is headed, the "PROPERTY QUALIFICATION," and goes on—"Give a Chartist a large estate, and a copious supply of ready money, and you make a Conservative of him. He can then see the other side of the moon, which he could never see before. Once, a determined Radical in Scotland, named Davy Armstrong, left his native village; and, many years afterwards, an old fellow-grumbler met him, and commenced the old song. Davy shook his head. His friend was astonished, and soon perceived that Davy was no longer a grumbler, but a rank Tory. Wondering at the change, he was desirous of knowing the reason. Davie quietly and laconically replied—'I've a coo (cow) noo.'"

But even still more "canny" was the eye to the main chance in an Aberdonian fellow-countryman, communicated in the following pleasant terms from a Nairn correspondent:—"I have just been reading your delightful 'Reminiscences,' which has brought to my recollection a story I used to hear my father tell. It was thus:—A countryman in a remote part of Aberdeenshire having got a newly-coined sovereign, in the days when such a thing was seldom seen in his part of the country, went about shewing it to his friends and neighbours for the charge of 1d. each sight. Evil days, however, unfortunately overtook him, and he was obliged to part with his loved coin. Soon after, a neighbour called on him, and asked a sight of his sovereign, at the same time tendering a penny. 'Ah, man,' says he, 'I haen't noo; but I'll lat ye see *the cloutie it was row't in* for a bawbee.'"

I have often been amused with the wonderful coolness with which a parishioner announced his canny care for his supposed interests when he became an elder of the kirk. The story is told of a man who had got himself installed in the eldership, and, in consequence, had for some time carried round the ladle for the collections. He had accepted the office of elder because some wag had made him believe that the remuneration was sixpence each

Sunday, with a boll of meal at New Year's day. When the time arrived he claimed his meal, but was told he had been hoaxed. "It may be sae wi' the meal," he said coolly, "but I took care o' the saxpence mysel'."

There was a good deal both of the *pawky* and the *canny* in the following anecdote, which I have from an honoured lady of the south of Scotland:— "There was an old man who always rode a donkey to his work, and tethered him while he worked on the roads, or wherever else it might be. It was suggested to him by my grandfather that he was suspected of putting it in to feed in the fields at other people's expense. 'Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that; for my cuddy winna eat onything but nettles and thristles.' One day my grandfather was riding along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his donkey up to the knees in one of his clover fields, feeding luxuriously. 'Hollo! Andrew,' said he; 'I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles.' 'Ay,' said he, 'but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicket me ower his head, sae I pat him in there just to *punish* him.'"

The following, from a provincial paper, contains a very amusing recognition of a return which one of the itinerant race considered himself conscien-

tiously bound to make to his clerical patron for an alms :—" A beggar while on his rounds one day this week, called on a clergyman (within two and a half miles of the Cross of Kilmarnock), who, obeying the Biblical injunction of clothing the naked, offered the beggar an old top-coat. It was immediately rolled up, and the beggar, in going away with it under his arm, thoughtfully (!) remarked, 'I 'll hae tae gie ye a day's *hearin*' for this, na.' "

The " crack i' the kirkyard," see page 58, 7th edition. There is another story which shews that a greater importance might be attached to this privilege than was done even by the servant lass mentioned above. A rather rough subject, residing in Galloway, used to attend church regularly, as it appeared, for the *sake* of the crack in the churchyard. For on being taken to task for his absenting himself, he remarked, " There's nae need to gang to the kirk noo, for everybody gets a newspaper."

The natural and self-complacent manner in which the following anecdote brings out in the Highlander an innate sense of the superiority of Celtic blood is highly characteristic :—A few years ago, when an English family were visiting in the Highlands, their attention was directed to a child crying; on their observing to the mother

it was *cross*, she exclaimed, "Na, na, it's nae cross, for we're baith true Hieland."

The following is a good Jacobite story. It must have happened shortly after 1745, when all manner of devices, not dangerous, were fallen upon to shew Jacobitism, such as having white knots on gowns, drinking "The king, ye ken wha I mean,"—uttering the toast "the king" with much apparent loyalty, and passing the glass on the side of the water-jug from them, indicating the esoteric meaning of majesty *beyond* the sea,—etc. etc.; and various toasts, which were most important matters in those times, and were often given as tests of loyalty, or the reverse, according to the company in which they were given. Miss Carnegy of Craigo, well known and still remembered amongst the old Montrose ladies as an uncompromising Jacobite, had been vowing that she would drink King James and his son in a company of staunch Brunswickers, and being strongly dissuaded from any such foolish and dangerous attempt by some of her friends present, she answered them with a text of Scripture, "The tongue no man can tame—James *Third* and *Aucht*," and drank off her glass!

The late Mr. Grame of Garsock, in Strathearn, whose grandson already "is laird himsel," used to tell, with great *unction*, some thirty years ago, a story of a neighbour of his own of a still earlier

generation, Drummond of Keltie, who, as it seems, had employed an itinerant tailor instead of a metropolitan artist. On one occasion when a new pair of inexpressibles had been made for the laird, they were so tight that, after waxing hot and red in the attempt to try them on, he *let out* rather savagely at the tailor, who calmly assured him, "It's the fash'n; it's jist the fash'n." "Eh? ye haveril, is it the fashion for them *no to go on?*"

An English gentleman writes to me:—"We have all heard much of Scotch caution, and I met once with an instance of it which I think is worth recording, and which I tell as strictly original. About 1827, I fell into conversation, on board of a Stirling steamer, with a well-dressed middle aged man, who told me he was a soldier of the 42d, going on leave. He began to relate the campaigns he had gone through, and mentioned having been at the siege of St. Sebastian.—'Ah! under Sir Thomas Graham?' 'Yes, sir; he commanded there.' 'Well,' I said, merely by way of carrying on the *crack*, 'and what do you think of *him?*' Instead of answering, he scanned me several times from head to foot, and from foot to head, and then said in a tone of the most diplomatic caution, 'Ye'll perhaps be of the name of Grah'm yersell, sir.' There could hardly be a better example either of the circumspection of

a real canny Scot, or of the lingering influence of the old patriarchal feeling by which 'A name, a word, makes clansmen vassals to their lord.'"

The following account of a Scottish dinner-party seems to harmonize with the sturdy character of the gentlemen of the older generation. When Sir Robert Preston was eighty years old, Chief Commissioner Adam seventy, Lord Melville and the Lord President Charles Hope sixty, and Lord Meadowbank nearly fifty, they all met at Granton to eat a dinner of entirely Scotch dishes. Every variety that their memories could supply was cooked in every possible way. It was very successful on the whole, but something was wrong about the cockie-leekie, and they agreed to meet again for a repetition of the dinner in two or three weeks, which they did; and at that dinner they all agreed that if they were spared till that day *ten years*, they would have another Scotch dinner, same party, same place. And strange to say, in this world of changes, one of the party being by that time past fourscore and ten, another fourscore, and two threescore and ten, they *all did meet* in health and strength; and a sort of half proposal was made to repeat the dinner after another decade was passed. The company did not, however, formally take up the challenge, feeling that it would, humanly speaking, be impossible that

one of the guests, Sir R. Preston, could be alive then to come. He died soon after, and so did Chief Commissioner Adam. But this circumstance was remembered—and all the other guests did assemble on the third decade and ate exactly the same Scotch dinner as they had done twenty years before.

In the *present* Volunteer movement we record with pleasure an anecdote concerning the *old* Volunteers in the beginning of the century, and which we think not unworthy of being recorded. It was related by the father of my correspondent, who held a commission in the 1st Regiment, Glasgow Volunteers. This regiment had scarcely been raised when its services were required in a somewhat trying emergency—the mutiny of a regiment of Highland Fencibles, then in the barracks, which had taken offence at being ordered abroad, or for some other cause. The Highlanders were posted on one side of George Square and the Volunteers on the other; and their lines were so extended that the conversation of two Highlanders was overheard, running to the following effect:—"Donald," said one, "I dinna think thae lads would stan' us." "I dinna ken, Angus," was the reply; "they're shentlemen, an' they wudna rin." The idea is strikingly Celtic, but admirably hits the truth.

I have not had leisure to pursue, as I had intended, a further consideration of SCOTTISH DIALECT and their differences from each other in the north, south, east, and west of Scotland. I merely remark now that the dialect of one district is considered quite barbarous, and laughed at by the inhabitants of another district where a different form of language is adopted. I have spoken (p. 103) of the essential difference between Aberdeen and southern Scotch. An English gentleman had been visiting the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and accompanied him to Aberdeen. His lordship of Edinburgh introduced his English friend to the Provost of Aberdeen, and they both attended a great dinner given by the latter. After grace had been said, the Provost kindly and hospitably addressed the company Aberdonicè—"Now, gentlemen, fah tee, fah tee." The Englishman whispered to his friend and asked what was meant by "fah tee, fah tee;" to which his lordship replied—"Hout, he canna speak—he means "fau too, fau too." Thus one Scotticism was held in terror by those who used a different Scotticism, as at Inverary, the wife of the chief writer of the place, seeking to secure her guest from the taint of inferior society, intimated to him, but somewhat confidentially, that Mrs. W. (the rival writer's wife) was quite a vulgar body, so much so as to ask any

one leaving the room to "*snib* the door," instead of bidding them, as she triumphantly observed, "*sneck* the door."

Any of my readers not much conversant with Aberdeen dialect will find the following a good specimen:—A lady who resided in Aberdeen being on a visit to some friends in the country, joined an excursion on horseback. Not being much of an equestrian, she was mounted upon a Highland pony as being the *canniest baste*. He, however, had a trick of standing still in crossing a burn. A burn had to be crossed—the rest of the party passed on, while "Paddy" remained, pretending to drink. Miss More, in great desperation, called out to one of her friends—"Bell, 'oman, turn back an' gie me yer bit fuppie, for the breet's stannin' i' the peel wi' ma."

The following is an *historical* reminiscence, which has been communicated as a traditionary account of an interesting period, and deserves to be recorded:—

It is well known, writes my correspondent, that the individual referred to in "Waverley," by the Prince, as a friend who had volunteered to lead his followers across the moss at Preston to attack the royal troops, was a gentleman of the name of Anderson, who, his father being then alive, was

known at the time, and for many subsequent years, as "the young laird o' Whitbury." This property, situated in the south part of East Lothian, is still in the possession of a collateral descendant of the family. Mr. Anderson, though for some time in prison after the suppression of the rebellion, was so fortunate as to be liberated without being brought to trial, the authorities, no doubt, being ignorant of the part he had acted on that memorable occasion. The anecdote I am about to mention connected with him, though not as a political character, is chiefly interesting in regard to the individual it principally refers to, as what so very few, out of the many millions then and since existing, could state as a circumstance that had happened to themselves. An old lady came, or rather was brought, on one occasion, to visit him at Whitbury, who, in the course of their conversation, said, "Noo, Mr. Anderson, hoo lang do you think it is since I was last in this hoose? Just aughty-twa years!" "Aweel, madam," was the humorous answer of the laird, "I hope ye'll no be sae lang o' comin' back again." What makes the circumstance remarkable is, that the first of the two visits paid, with so long an interval between them, and which was of course in his father's time, was not made when she was a child, but after she had come to woman's estate.

The old lady in question was a Mrs. Wilson of Peaston, also in East Lothian, an aunt of Sir John Rennie, the celebrated engineer. What her age was at the time of the second visit I do not remember hearing, but she died when in her 101st year, and, like most centenarians, with all her faculties perfect to the last. When she put the question to her host, he also must have attained a venerable age, being between eighty and ninety when he died, but up to that time always known and spoken of as "the young laird o' Whitbury."

I have the greatest pleasure in closing these "Reminiscences" with a curious account of some particulars connected with the eccentric marriage of the Duke of Douglas, and with a well-known and very extraordinary incident of his grace's history. The account is extracted from a diary of John Brown of Waterhaughs, Ayrshire; there is also a supplement to the extract from the diary, being a communication by Mr. Thomas Brown of Lanfine and Waterhaughs. I am indebted to Lord Ardmillan for these very interesting documents. His lordship, in addition to many acts of courtesy and kindness, has done me the honour of placing them entirely at my disposal:—

February 28, 1758.—Miss Peggie Douglas, a daughter of the family of Mains, set out for

Douglas Castle, and was married that night or the next to the Duke of Douglas. She had only a lady of her acquaintance from Glasgow along with her, Miss Peter Craufurd.

The Duke for a long time had been reputed to be of a very savage and cruel disposition. He killed a friend of his own, Captain Kerr, when he was his guest, and lodging in the Castle of Douglas. He used his sister Lady Jane very badly while she remained with him; and after she had left him, at the latter end of her days, he even let her almost perish for want of bread. His natural disposition was much inflamed by the practices of a gentleman, one Mr. White of Stockbrigs, who, it was said, gave him bad impressions of all his friends, and almost all the people he had business with. White so managed the Duke that no person was admitted to him without his knowledge, and no affair was transacted without his directions, so that it might be justly said that the Duke of Douglas saw with Stockbrigs' eyes, and heard with his ears. In this way was the Duke managed till Stockbrigs died. After that period the Duke saw more company. He discoursed calmly and freely, and was found by the generality of people not to be that frightful and terrible person he was represented to be, for time and experience had softened his temper, and the

person who stirred him up being dead he became quite a different man.

The way Miss Douglas became introduced to him is thus:—She had a nephew, John Douglas, who was made a lieutenant in one of the American regiments; his friends advised him to get himself introduced to his Chief, as the way to have himself quickly raised in the army. But before the lad had time to practice the advice, he was called to join his regiment.

Thomas Hamilton of Overton, or some other gentleman, told the Duke of the young gentleman's intention of waiting on his grace, and mentioned, by-the-by, that he had a bouncing, frolicsome, clever woman for his aunty. The Duke said he would have been glad to have seen the lad, and he would have been more acceptable had he brought his aunt along with him.

Miss Douglas was told of this conversation, who immediately rigged herself up, and set out for the Castle of Douglas, to interest the Duke in favour of her young nephew. On her intending to visit the Duke, she wrote to Overton to meet her at Douglas, and to introduce her. The letter, it seems, miscarried, for when she came to Douglas, Overton was not there. The Duke being informed that Miss Douglas was there, sent and invited her

to the Castle. When he saw her, he was so much taken with her frank easy behaviour, and the turn of her humour, that she became a powerful advocate for her nephew. She used great freedom, and told him, among a number of things, sincerely, that his grace seemed to want two things to complete his happiness—a Duchess and a young Marquis.

The next day after she had made her visit to the Duke, he sent a servant to her mother's house in the Gallowgate of Glasgow, telling her he had sent her a piece of plate, a silver tray, with his arms engraved on it, which he begged she would accept, and that she would favour him with another visit. He also told her he had sent three letters to peruse, to Lord Loudoun, Sir John Ligonier, and Lord Morton, and if there was anything he could say more in favour of her nephew he would alter the letters according to her directions.

She went and visited him a few days after that, and lodged in the Castle two nights, where there had not been a woman for upwards of thirty years, except servants. It seems the marriage was agreed on at this interview; for from the time the Duke first saw her he certainly was much in love with her; but, after this visit to the time she went to Douglas for altogether, was taken up in continual

messages and preparations. On the 27th of February, the night before she set out for Douglas, a present of a silver cup, and a quantity of fine wine, came from the Duke to Lady Mains, and a letter, begging her to drink her daughter's and his health with the wine in that cup.

On the 28th of February she and Miss Craufurd set out for Douglas Castle, attended by four of the Duke's principal servants. She was received at the Castle by the Duke in the kindest manner, and next day was married by Mr. Hamilton, the minister of Douglas, before several witnesses. The Duke is aged sixty-three, and the Duchess forty-four.

Miss Douglas, now Duchess of Douglas, is a well-looking, sensible, clever woman, extremely generous, and a fast friend. Friendship for her nephew first set her on the scheme of visiting a man who by all the world was reckoned a woman-hater and next to mad. Her success with such a man sets her address in a very strange light. She was remarkable for her frolics, though the most of them were good-natured. It is believed she will make the Duke happier; and from the ascendance it is natural she will have over him, she will have opportunity of doing much good. The estate is reckoned £11,000 per annum, besides a considerable

sum of money. The Duke has behaved gallantly and honourably in this affair. Pains were used to give him bad impressions of Miss Douglas, and several anonymous letters were dropped for that purpose full of calumny. He enclosed one of the worst of them to her, saying he hoped she would consider them in the same light as he did; that it was the envy and malice of the world, and below his regard.

November 1758.—The Castle of Douglas was burned this month, and a great many valuable things destroyed, but no lives lost, although the fire broke out at four of the clock in the morning, when all the family were in bed. The Duke and Duchess have now taken up their residence in the Palace of Holyrood House.

March 1759.—The Duke of Douglas left his Duchess at Holyrood House, and went to the Marquis of Lothian's, where she followed him. The Duke ordered her to leave the house, which she refused, and was carried to her coach by force. The ground of the quarrel is said to be that Lady Jane, his sister, was supported by the Duchess in her determination that Archibald Douglas, her reputed son, should be made his heir. He was persuaded that he really was *not* her son; therefore, all along, the Duke has shewn the greatest aversion to that proposal.

Then follows the supplement to this extract by Mr. Thomas Brown :—

Mr. Hamilton, the son of the minister of Douglas, when upwards of ninety, told me that when a boy he was intimate with the Duke of Douglas, and was residing with him when the Earl of Perth came to Douglas Castle with the Pretender against the Duke's will. The Duke continually refused to comply with Lord Perth's urgent request to see the Pretender; and on one occasion Mr. Hamilton saw him kick Lord Perth on the shins, so that blood came through the white silk stockings. Lord Perth merely said, "You will answer this one day;" but nothing ensued. When the unwelcome guests left the castle, the Duke went to a window whence he could see them, and cried out with a loud voice, which every one heard, "Lord Perth, Lord Perth, I see your Pretender. He plays a very poor fiddle." This was aimed at the swollen and bandaged legs and pimpled face of the Pretender.

The Duke's adherence to the House of Hanover was supposed to have been secured by the Government refraining from prosecuting him for the murder of Captain Kerr. The Duke had been falsely informed of a purpose of marriage between Captain Kerr and Lady Jane Douglas, which much enraged him. Kerr was on a visit at Douglas Castle,

when, on parting for the night, he received from his host an affectionate salutation on each cheek. The Duke watched behind his bedroom door till he heard him snore. He then entered, ran him through with a sword, and blew out his brains with a pistol. He then took horse to the coast, and fled first to Ireland, and thence to France, where he negotiated terms with the English Government, which enabled him to return to Scotland. Captain Kerr's blood remained on the floor of the apartment of the castle, and the servants used to shew it, till the Duchess, as was supposed, burnt the castle in November 1758, to get rid of the scandal.

These extracts relate to persons and events which have held a prominent place in Scottish domestic history of the last hundred years, and a few further notices and illustrations regarding them may not be unacceptable to some of my younger readers.[1]

The Miss Douglas who became Duchess of Douglas was well known in her day for her talent and eccentricity. She was a daughter of James Douglas of Mains, and we find her alluded to in Dr. Carlyle's autobiography. He met her at a pic-

[1] Much information regarding the family is contained in a memorial for Archibald Douglas against the Duke of Hamilton in the "Douglas cause." 4to. 1766.

nic near Hamilton, where she rallied a parish minister "pretty roughly" (which was her way) "upon his being an old fusty bachelor." The quotation is given in full, as it is too good to be spoiled by abridgment. After bearing patiently all the efforts of her wit,—"Margaret," says he, "you know that I am master of the parish register, where your age is recorded, and that I know when you may, with justice, be called an old maid, in spite of your juvenile airs." "What care I, Tom," said she, "for I have for some time renounced your worthless sex; I have sworn to be Duchess of Douglas, or never to mount a marriage bed." This happened in 1755.

The Duke of Douglas whom she married was a man of ungoverned passions and of weak intellect. After the murder of Kerr, before alluded to, and on his return from abroad, he lived in great retirement, and from that period for many years he continued to lead a solitary life in the castle of Douglas, where few people had access to him, and where he became a prey to designing and interested persons. Of these, White of Stockbrigs became his sole adviser and confidant. He appears to have had a most injurious influence. He had no doubt instigated the Duke to the murder of Kerr, and in every way was a bad companion for a weak and violent

man. It was White's interest to keep the Duke's friends and relatives at a distance. Of relatives the Duke had an only sister, Lady Jane Douglas, whose name was destined to obtain great celebrity. James, Marquis of Douglas died in 1700, leaving issue, Archibald, late Duke of Douglas, and Lady Jane Douglas, both then infants. The Duke was born in 1694, and Lady Jane in March 1698. Lady Jane was brought up by her mother, the Marchioness, in principles of the strictest piety, which she always retained. Her great beauty and accomplishments procured her universal attention, and an alliance so honourable was courted by persons of the first rank and fortune in this kingdom. An incident, however, happened at an early period in her life, which is now unjustly taken hold of to her prejudice, though her conduct was vindicated at the time, and was indeed the effect only of high spirit and perhaps uncommon sensibility. She had been prevailed on to listen to the addresses of a nobleman of distinguished rank, who solicited her in marriage. Everything was settled by their mutual friends, and the match ready to be concluded, when Lady Jane, who then happened to be in London, was surprised one day at having her chair stopped, when going to Court, by a person unknown, who delivered her a letter, wrote in the name of her

supposed lover, signifying that he was under engagements to another lady, whom he had long been fond of, and without whom he could not be happy. It would have been a singular instance of philosophy in a young lady of her high fashion, and so much accustomed to admiration, had she submitted with patience to so cruel an affront. Lady Jane figured to herself that an adventure of this kind would soon be in the mouths of the world, and that she would be exposed to ridicule and contempt. Full of this idea she resolved to abandon for ever a country in which she imagined she could no longer pass her days with comfort; and having set out privately, and in disguise, in order to prevent discovery, attended only by her maid, who was a Frenchwoman, she went over to France, with a determined purpose of shutting herself up in a convent. Her mother, the Marchioness, soon followed, and came up with her before her intentions were fully completed. The Duke, after avenging the insult which had been offered to his family, by fighting the supposed author of it,[1] went also to

[1] Can the following paragraph throw any light upon this transaction:—[London, March 29, 1720, Sunday Evening. The Duke of Douglas and the Earl of Dalkeith fought a duel behind Montagu House, and were both wounded. Newspapers of the day.]—Quoted from Chambers' "Domestic Annals," vol. iii.

France in quest of his sister, and prevailed with her to forget what had happened, and to return to her native country.

Lady Jane had often, when in favour with her brother, and subsequent to her return from abroad, as above noticed, been pressed by him to marry. Addresses were made to her by several noble Lords, but they proved ineffectual for reasons unnecessary to be mentioned. In 1746, being in the forty-seventh year of her age, she listened to the proposals of John Stewart, Esq., afterwards Sir John Stewart of Grandtully, Baronet, and was privately married to him, at her house near Edinburgh, on the 4th August that year. Sir John was possessed of no fortune at the time, though he had a considerable one in expectancy. His elder brother, Sir George, was far advanced in life, had no issue, and was in a very declining state of health. Sir John had formerly been married to a daughter of the Honourable Sir James Mackenzie of Royston, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, by whom he had a son, who became Sir John Stewart of Grandtully. On the issue of this marriage between Lady Jane Douglas and Sir John Stewart, a great question depended, viz., the succession to the whole of the Douglas property. On the death of the Duke in 1761, the dukedom of Douglas was extinct. But the

Duke of Hamilton, as heir-male, succeeded to the marquisate of Douglas, and also *claimed*, as heir of line, succession to the great estates. This claim, however, to the nearest of kin, was disputed in favour of Archibald Stewart (afterwards Douglas), who was alleged to be a son of Lady Jane Douglas, and survivor of twin boys born in 1748. Hence arose one of the most celebrated trials of modern times, the DOUGLAS CAUSE,—a cause which divided the opinions of the first lawyers of the day, and excited an interest throughout Europe. The circumstances were briefly as follows:—The Lady Jane Douglas and her husband were residing in Paris, 1748, on the expectation of her confinement. Sir John removed her to the Faubourg St. Germain, where she was attended by Pierre la Marre, a man-midwife, and gave birth to twins, one of whom died, and the survivor, Archibald, it was alleged was heir, through his mother, to the Douglas property. The Duke of Hamilton brought the case into the Scottish courts, to set aside the claim on various grounds, such as the advanced age of Lady Jane (being fifty-one), the mystery of travelling about, in her situation, from Aix-la-Chapelle to Leige, thence to Sedan, thence to Rheims, and from Rheims to Paris; and unsatisfactory evidence in the questions whether La Marre did attend Lady Jane for child-birth.

The case was ably argued at the Scottish bar: of the fifteen judges, seven declared in favour of Archibald Douglas' claim, seven declared against it. Lord Monboddo's speech in favour was considered exceedingly lucid and able. The Lord President gave the casting vote *against* the birth. The case was appealed to the House of Lords, and the Scottish judgment was reversed in 1769, chiefly under the influence, as was supposed, of Lord Mansfield.

The King, George III., was much interested in the case, and evinced *his* opinion of it by creating Douglas a peer. The title was extinct in the late Lord Douglas, and the estates descended to his sister, Lady Montague. They are now held by her eldest daughter, the Countess of Home.

We have some notices of the Duchess *subsequent* to the death of her husband. The following passage from Mr. R. Chambers' third volume of "Domestic Annals of Scotland" gives a curious account of her Grace in her latter days:—

"Dr. Johnson, who met the Duchess as a widow at Boswell's house in 1773, speaks of her as an old lady who talked broad Scotch with a paralytic voice, and was scarcely intelligible even to her countrymen. Had the Doctor seen her ten years earlier, when she was in possession of all her faculties, he would have found how much comicality

and rough wit could be expressed in broad Scotch under the coif of a Duchess. I have had the advantage of hearing it described by the late Sir James Steuart of Coltness, who was in Paris with her Grace in 1762, when she was also accompanied by a certain Laird of Boysack, and one or two other Scotch gentlemen, all bent on making the utmost of every droll or whimsical circumstance that came in their way. Certainly the language and style of ideas in which the party indulged was enough to make the hair of the *fastest* of our day stand on end. There was great humour one day about a proposal that the Duchess should go to Court, and take advantage of the privilege of the *tabouret*, or right of sitting on a low stool in the Queen's private chamber, which it was alleged she possessed, by virtue of her late husband's ancestors having enjoyed a French dukedom (Touraine) in the fifteenth century. The old lady made all sorts of excuses in her homely way; but when Boysack started the theory, that the real objection lay in her Grace's fears as to the disproportioned size of the tabouret for the co-relative part of her figure, he was declared, amidst shouts of laughter, to have divined the true difficulty—her Grace enjoying the joke fully as much as any of them. Let this be a specimen of the mate of the last of the House of Douglas."

CONCLUSION.

I THINK it is now time that I should close this collection of miscellaneous anecdotes and illustrative stories regarding Scottish habits and manners. I am quite prepared to admit that I was led to engage in the work from the deep interest I have long felt in everything Scotch; but at the same time I do not admit that I am blind to the faults of those I love; neither would I ascribe every virtue under heaven to Scotchmen, nor assert that every earthly advantage belonged to Scotland. I may not be so unwilling to admit any inferiority without a reserve, as was a countryman who, when eating grapes in the south of England, produced in the open air, and ripened only by the Kentish sun, being asked if as good grapes were produced in Scotland, readily answered, "Ay, just as gude, but then I must premeese I prefare them some *sourer*."

We are far from upholding the perfection of

our country, nor is it our office to refute all the charges which may be brought against our countrymen; our Reminiscences of Scotland will no doubt at times bring before us points of national character in which we may discern marks of moral deterioration and indications of departure from ancient simplicity of manners. We mourn over the continued prevalence, and, we fear, in some cases, the *increase* of those intemperate habits which have taken such deep root in the population both of our towns and rural districts. But then our love is not abated by sorrow for such deterioration, and we are only the more anxious to see such faults corrected. Whisky especially is the evil spirit whom we desire to see old Scotia CAST OUT. Of course, where men and women live in crowded habitations, often with uncertain means of subsistence—and amongst whom there is a constant influx of English and Irish labourers, badly, if at all, educated, of unsettled and dissipated habits—the results will be a demoralised condition of society. But that the standard of morals in our country districts is at a lower point than the morals of English country districts, we would strenuously deny, and I am prepared to shew, although this is not the place, that certain moral statistics do *not* convey an accurate comparative estimate with England—and I am well acquainted

with the condition of English country parishes in these matters. No man who has a heart to feel and a mind to estimate the evils of impurity and crime, but must entertain the deepest sorrow for the sin that pervades the whole land; but the northern standard of morals is not below the standard of the southern portion; and there are points on which we may fearlessly challenge for our countrymen a fair comparison. The agricultural districts of Scotland have never experienced the alarm which the senseless malignity of the midnight *incendiary* has at times spread through the English counties. I never heard of Scottish children being murdered for the wretched bribe of the premium paid to the parents as members of a burial club—a practice which had at one time in England amongst manufacturers become almost an organised system. In no rural district in Scotland would the scenes of rude violence and drunken revelry be witnessed on a Sabbath evening, which I have known too common in the west of England.

But there is a point of comparison between our country and our southern neighbours, now becoming a matter of history, and regarding which I think there has been considerable misapprehension—I mean the question of *religious* division. The reminiscences even of young persons can now embrace a

great event, which has distinguished the religious annals of Scotland. The Established Church has been divided nearly into two equal parts, and two-thirds of the Scottish parishes have within a period of ten years been, each of them, provided with an additional church, manse, and school-house, as if the wand of a necromancer had passed over the land and made a *second* church to spring from the earth. To effect this change, large sums of money have been raised by the party seceding from the church of their fathers, and a contribution in ten years of nearly three millions sterling has attested the sincerity and generous self-denial of the members of the Free Church of Scotland. From these circumstances our country has been referred to as in a state of frightful disunion as regards religious questions, and as exhibiting the most painful picture of division and of disorganisation. No doubt there is much difference of opinion amongst us, and much acerbity of feeling, which may be traced up to unhappy disputes belonging to ecclesiastical matters. And no thoughtful mind can observe what is going on amongst us without sad and sorrowful reflection regarding these points before him, or without earnest prayer for unity and peace. But how stands the case of our religious divisions in comparison with England? I believe a great portion of the church of England to

be perfectly sound in the faith of the Reformation, at once Scriptural and Protestant. I believe England contains the purest specimen on earth of evangelical truth combined with apostolical order. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that, as a nation, England is more deeply marked by, strictly speaking, *religious* division than Scotland. Take, in the first place, the obvious division between the Church of England and the great body of Dissenters from her polity and ritual. What a separation is made in the social system by this nonconformity! In Wales, and in certain other localities, the Church of England is in a sorrowful minority. Then note the divided condition of the church itself—divisions, let it be remarked, not in opinions regarding the *externals* of religion, the forms of church government, or the connection between the civil and ecclesiastical relations of members of that church. But the divisions are on points affecting, as we believe, the *essential doctrines* of Christianity, the method of man's acceptance and justification, the efficacy of sacraments in the work of man's salvation. Upon these and similar great fundamental questions, the Church of England is divided—we fear with little prospect of her being speedily united. There is the extreme High Church or Puseyite party; the extreme Low Church or Evangelical party; there is the *via media* Church

or Moderate party; there is the Broad Church or Philosophical party. So distinct and separate are these sections of the Church of England, that in all advertisements or negotiations regarding the supply of vacancies in any situations implying cure of souls, the *party* to which the applicant belongs must be stated as distinctly as if persons had to deal with members of different communions.

But there are worse features of church division than these. No one can calmly look upon what is going on within the pale of the Church of England and not feel an apprehension as if the boundary lines between positive truth and error, between the private opinions of individuals and the doctrines propounded by the formulas of the church, were in danger of being obscured or obliterated!

In one direction we see a publication of treatises on religious questions by a layman and six clergymen of the church, of whom one holds a pastoral charge, and others hold important positions connected with the universities and high places of education, which have been thus referred to, in an answer to an address from the clergy, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and signed by all the English prelates:—"I have taken the opportunity of meeting many of my Episcopal brethren in London to lay your address before them. They unanimously

agree with me in expressing the pain it has given them that any clergyman of our church should have published such opinions as those concerning which you have addressed us. We cannot understand how their opinions can be held consistently with an honest subscription to the formularies of our church, with many of the fundamental doctrines of which they appear to us essentially at variance."

In another direction we see the introduction of opinions, and of ritual observances which many persons find great difficulty to distinguish from doctrines and practices characteristic of the Church of Rome.

Indeed such differences are with many persons now neither preserved nor acknowledged, and men are found to palter with themselves and others in a double sense—they do not join the communion of the Church of Rome, they are not faithful to the principles of the Anglican Church to which they profess still to belong. But the stealthy growing tendencies towards Rome, which have long seemed to me so obvious and insidious, have now reached their culminating point, and are avowed without concealment or disguise. The line is fairly passed, and union with Rome is openly advocated by a section of the Church of England. A periodical has taken such ground without compromise or equivocation.

Opinions are there maintained which in former times would have been considered utterly incompatible with Anglican churchmanship; as, for example, the supremacy of the chair of St. Peter in the Christian world; the duty of Anglican priests and laymen studying and attending mass when on the Continent; the Catholic authority for the doctrine of the immaculate conception; the duty of prayer to the Virgin Mary for her intercession and influence with her Son; observing Romish feasts and festivals, and prayers to the saints of the Romish calendar; the practising to the full extent periodical confession and absolution; a condemnation of the doctrine of justification by faith as heretical and soul destroying; administration of the holy communion to the sick under one element; the use of crossings, of holy water, incense, hair shirts, chasubles, cope, etc. etc. What may be the numerical estimate of the party whose feelings and opinions are represented by this periodical, I have no means of knowing, but I conclude that it must require zeal and interest to be excited in a considerable number in order to maintain a periodical at all, and it is evident in this case that conductors and contributors are not wanting. The work is not done by ignorant uninformed men. There are learning, spirit, and energy brought to bear upon the great point they advocate, which is

a far closer approximation to Romish opinions and practices than have ever yet with any party prevailed within the Church of England; at any rate, its success is quite sufficient to justify the apprehension I have all along entertained, that the tendency of extreme high church opinions has been to sympathize with Romish views, and to an abandonment of what is essentially Protestant. Now, what is the state of matters in Scotland as compared with these things in England? With all our divisions and differences of opinion, we have nothing corresponding to the "Essays and Reviews," and had such a volume appeared amongst us, written by clergymen of similar position in the country, I feel confident that public measures would have quickly been taken for a judicial condemnation of men who were violating the standards and authorities of the church to which they professed to belong. In regard to questions which affect the great and fundamental *doctrines* of our holy faith, I trust such opinions as those openly avowed by a section of the Church of England are not even *known* in Scotland, except as held by honest and consistent members of the Church of Rome. Indeed, it is very remarkable that there is in Scotland a far nearer approach to doctrinal uniformity than exists in England. The whole Presbyterian body, composed of the Established Church,

the Free Church, the United Presbyterians, etc., all adopt one standard of doctrine, and, so far as I know, vary little in their interpretation of its teaching. The CONFESSION OF FAITH unites the great mass of the Scottish population in a code of theological opinions not essentially differing from the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England. Surely, then, there need be no insuperable obstacle to a great union of Protestants in Scotland, which shall form a permanent and solid bulwark, on the one hand, against the introduction of lax opinions of the German school—on the other hand, against the encroachments of theology from the school of Rome—a Protestant community, with opinions differing, it may be in matters of detail, but all recognizing the great principles of the Reformation. The difficulties to be overcome, and the differences to be adjusted for union between the Established and Free Churches belong to points of a *civil* nature, to patronage and to state interference with matters ecclesiastical; delicate questions no doubt! but not so hopeless as questions of union on matters of doctrine and on the eucharistical theory. Of course, as an Episcopalian, I should rejoice to see all parties united in government under the rule of bishops, and in worship under such a liturgy as the prayer book. Without considering episcopacy *essential* to

the constitution of a Christian church, still less to the salvation of individuals, still I do think that the pure scriptural order and devotional character of the holy faith which we profess are best called forth and more fully developed under Episcopal government and liturgical worship, and that under these, church organizations have been produced, the *highest*, the *purest*, and the *most loving* Christian characters. But as a Christian and as a Scotchman, I should rejoice to see the great religious bodies of Scotland now at one on points of *doctrine*, joined together in one *external communion*. I cannot help thinking that a council of twenty or twenty-five persons might be named, taken from different sections of the great body, who could devise a scheme of amity and concord. My soul so earnestly desires to see unity amongst professing Christians, that I would pray for a junction of all parties, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, or Independent, on some broad Scripture basis which might be recognized by all. But if that is utterly hopeless, I would value unity amongst those with whom I cannot myself unite, except in love for a common Bible and a common Saviour. In whatever way Christian truth is held, and Christ is preached, "I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Such was St. Paul's determination, and such is mine.

I now finally take my leave of these "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," not because I think the subject has been exhausted, or that fresh fields of inquiry might not be opened; but having accomplished the particular object I had in view, I would now leave to others to collect further materials for elucidating the manners and habits of our grandfathers. To one at all advanced in years, the retrospect of life is but a melancholy office, and suggests many painful topics for his reflection. The changes which he marks in the world around him. The sad blanks which time has made in his own social circle, remind him very forcibly of the marked uncertainties of an earthly condition; and when, during the same period, he is called upon to notice how greatly manners, customs, and language have themselves been altered, the world in which he now lives seems scarcely the *same* world as that which he can remember. I have in this and a former volume retraced many footprints of the past, and I can truly say it is the love of my country which has induced me to dwell so long and so minutely upon certain peculiarities by which I can myself remember it to have been more marked and more distinguished than it is at present. The task, perhaps, will be called a useless one, — the labour to no good end. Why, it may be asked,

retain any longer a memory of these national peculiarities? Scotland has become a portion of a great empire; she is not now a separate nation, but has become *part* of a nation more powerful and distinguished than anything recorded in her own past history. She has lost her individuality, and must be satisfied to take that integral position for evermore. It may be so; but this I humbly think offers no reason why we should forget our *former* national greatness and independence. We know that Scotland once formed a distinct kingdom from England, and as we can still point to a remnant of a Regalia which belonged to a separate and independent CROWN, memory will cling to peculiarities which still tell of a separate and independent PEOPLE. The day may come when all peculiarities of dialect, customs, and manners will be obsolete, but I trust the day will *never* come when Scotchmen will forget the high and sterling character of

> "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots wham Bruce has aften led."

Scotchmen (at least such as are worthy of the name) have always been noted for their love of country. In distant lands and under foreign skies they have felt the same emotions as those which are said to impart to the hardy Swiss the *maladie du pays*, and

on St. Andrew's day's celebration they have, like the scattered homeless Israelites, been ready to exclaim, "If I forget thee, Oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

There is something quite touching in the attachment of Scotchmen to the old Scottish ways and remembrances of their early days, when awakened by Scottish associations of anniversaries, poetry, or song. No example of this feeling has ever struck me more than the story told of old Lord Lovat, which is amongst the many touching anecdotes which are traditionary of his unfortunate period. On his return from the trial at Westminster Hall, where he had been condemned to death for his adherence to the Stuart cause, he saw out of the coach window a woman selling the sweet yellow gooseberries, which recalled the associations of youth in his native country. "Stop a minute," cried the old scoffer, who knew his days on earth were numbered; "stop a minute, and gie me a ha'porth of *honey blobs*," as if he had gone back in fond recollection to his schoolboy days in the High Street of Edinburgh, when honey blobs had been amongst the pet luxuries of his young life.

Independent of personal feelings, it must always be interesting to mark the features which distinguish one people from another, or to note the causes

which are rendering those distinctions less prominent and less striking than they *once* were; and if we are destined soon to lose all indications of a national existence, let us note, ere they vanish, the lingering traces of our past individuality. We do no wrong surely in cherishing our love for Scotland, or in retaining a deep interest in all that is still left to Scotland. A Scotchman may have his pride and boast in being a countryman of those who won the fields of Agincourt and Cressy, but without losing the deeper recollection of being a descendant of those who fought at Bannockburn and Flodden. His heart will swell when he sees the great and noble of the land pass before him decorated with the blue ribbon and the garter of that ancient order of knighthood, the St. George of England. But does there not spring up a warmer interest when his eye rests upon the green ribbon and the thistle badge of poor Scotland's order of St. Andrew? A Scotchman may pay all due homage to the genius of a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Gibbon, and yet indulge a more home and heartfelt pride in the literary achievements of a Buchanan, a Walter Scott, and a Macaulay. Nor do religious differences quench the national feelings of a Scotchman towards the piety and the stern sincerity of Presbyterian Scotland. If an Episcopalian (ay,

and a zealous devoted Episcopalian), whilst he reveres and cherishes the memory of Cranmer, of Latimer, and Ridley — that noble band of bishops and archbishops, of laymen and clergymen, who reformed the Church of England—he can still do justice to the labours of the bold and fearless Knox, who, like Luther, had in difficult and trying times to fight almost single-handed for the Protestant faith and Protestant Church, and will honour the memory of Andrew Melville, who, like Melancthon, aided that work in a gentler spirit, and engaged in the cause with a more tender heart. No true-hearted Scotchman, who, as an Episcopal Churchman, venerates the character of such men as Andrews and Ken, Taylor and Hooker of the English Church, will ever fail to pay his tribute of affection and respect to the old Scottish elder of a simpler creed, or ever cease to feel a Scotchman's national pride in the stern and unbending piety of men who maintained, at the hazard of life and property, the COVENANT which they had signed with their blood. We feel assured that such feelings and such emotions are, in their tendencies, favourable to the human character.

But we go further than this. We are disposed to say there is a *deficiency* in that mind—a *want* in that temperament and disposition, where no respon-

sive feelings are called forth at the name of country,—where no emotions of pride are awakened at a remembrance of its former triumphs and its past glories,—where no indignation attends a sense of its wrongs,—and no sorrow is poured forth for its humiliation. We have at least the authority of our own Walter Scott for this opinion. In the often-quoted passage from the "Lay," with what energy he pours forth his contempt for one so utterly selfish! With what earnest and scornful feeling does his minstrel ask the question—

> "Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land!
> Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
> As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
> From wandering on a foreign strand!"

With deep indignation does he return the answer which he thinks such a character deserves—

> "If such there breathe, go mark him well,
> For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;—
> Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentered all in self,
> Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
> And, doubly dying, shall go down
> To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Such language, it may be said, is the effusion of poetical enthusiasm; and belongs rather to the departments of fancy and imagination than to those of reason and the actual business of life. But, let it be remembered, genuine poetry will ever draw its best appeals and its most stirring inspirations from the *truths* and *realities* of human existence. Scott was a true poet; but no man took more sagacious views of life and character—no man more acutely marked the peculiarities of his fellow-creatures and fellow-countrymen. In this case his language is in accordance with experience. He touches upon patriotism as a virtue and excellence of our nature, and as leading men to what is good.

Love of country must, in this way, naturally tend to make men cherish a desire for its welfare and improvement. To claim kindred with the honourable and high-minded, as in some degree allied with them, must imply at least an *appreciation* of great and good qualities. Whatever supplies men with a motive for following upright and noble conduct—whatever advances in them a kindly spirit of benevolence towards fellow-creatures in distress—whatever promotes an increasing spirit of charity and forbearance towards sincere and earnest Christians of a creed differing from their own—whatever stimulates men to enrich their country by

institutions favourable to the cultivation of science, literature, art, and social economy, of moral and religious instruction—*must* have a beneficial effect upon the hearts and intellects of a Christian people —and these objects are, I think, all more or less fostered and encouraged under the influence of that patriotic spirit which identifies national honour and national distinction with its own.

INDEX.